THE·MUSES·LIBRARY·

WILLIAM
Libraries
of
Purdue University

14 Jan. '07

So we have dull'd our mind ; it hath no ends ;
Only the body's busy, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipses and controls
The quick high moon, so doth the body souls.
In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office ; for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raise.
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one half, that's none ; He which said,
"Plough
And look not back," to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
These not engraved, but inborn dignities,
Caskets of souls, temples and palaces ;
For bodies shall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preserved, born naturally free.
As men to our prisons now, souls to us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us ;
Whate'er the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce ; hence hath it been
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes in man are seen.

l. 58. So 1635 ; 1633, *not naturally free*
l. 59. So 1635 ; 1633, *new souls to us*
l. 60. So 1635 ; 1633, *learn it*

But whoe'er saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament.
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
To increase with ours those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue has some perverseness, for she will
Neither believe her good, nor others' ill.
Even in you, virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjust suspicion;
And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles; some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will.
But in your commonwealth or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

The Muses' Library.

POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE.

POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE.

POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE

EDITED BY

E. K. CHAMBERS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

821
D71As4
v.2
set 2

NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
A. H. BULLEN,
18 CECIL COURT, W.C.
1901.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
153-7 FIFTH AVENUE.
1901.

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited,
London & Bungay.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

PAGE

TABLE OF CONTENTS vii

LETTERS TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES—

To Mr. Christopher Brooke: The Storm 1
" " " The Calm 4
To Sir Henry Wotton 7
To Sir Henry Goodyere 10
To Mr. Rowland Woodward 12
To Sir Henry Wotton 14
To the Countess of Bedford 15
To the Countess of Bedford 17
To Sir Edward Herbert 20
To the Countess of Bedford 22
To the Countess of Bedford, on New Year's Day 26
To the Countess of Huntingdon 29
To M[r] I[zaak] W[alton] 32
To M[r] T. W. 33
To M[r] T. W. 34
Incerto 35
To M[r] C[hristopher] B[rooke] 35
To M[r] S[amuel] B[rooke] 36
To M[r] B[asil] B[rooke] 37
To M[r] R. W[oodward] 38
To M[r] I. L. 39
To M[r] I. P. 40
To Sir Henry Wotton, at his going Ambassador to Venice 41

PAGE

To M[rs] M[agdalen] H[erbert] 43
To the Countess of Bedford 45
To the Countess of Huntingdon 48
To the Countess of Bedford 53
To the Lady Carey, and Mistress Essex Rich; from Amiens 54
To the Countess of Salisbury 57
To the Countess of Bedford 60
Sappho to Philænis 61
To Ben Jonson 64
To Sir Tho. Rowe 65
De Libro cum mutuaretur: Doctissimo Amicissimoque v. D. D. Andrews ... 66

COMMENDATORY VERSES—

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities ... 68
Amicissimo et meritissimo Benj: Jonson: in Volponem 71

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES—

Elegy on Prince Henry 72
Obsequies of the Lord Harrington ... 77
Elegy on the Lady Markham 86
Elegy on Mistress Boulstred 89
Elegy on Mistress Boulstred 92
Death 93
Elegy on the L[ord] C[hancellor] 96
A Hymn to the Saints, and to Marquis Hamilton 98
Elegy on Himself 100
Elegy 101

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD—

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY
To the Praise of the Dead, and the Anatomy: [By Joseph Hall] 102

PAGE

An Anatomy of the World: the First Anniversary 104
A Funeral Elegy 121

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

The Harbinger to the Progress: [By Joseph Hall] 125
An Anatomy of the World; or, the Progress of the Soul: the Second Anniversary 127

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL—

Epistle 146
The Progress of the Soul: First Song ... 148

SATIRES—

Satire i. 175
Satire ii. 180
Satire iii.: Of Religion 185
Satire iv. 190
Satire v. 199
Satire vi. 203
Satire vii.: To Sir Nicholas Smyth ... 205

EPIGRAMS—

Hero and Leander 210
Pyramus and Thisbe 210
Niobe 210
A Burnt Ship 210
Fall of a Wall 210
A Lame Beggar 211
A Self-accuser 211
A Licentious Person 211
Antiquary 211
Disinherited 211
Phryne 211
An Obscure Writer 211

PAGE

Klockius 212
Raderus 212
Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus 212
Ralphius 212

NOTES TO VOL. II. 213

APPENDICES

A. *Doubtful Poems*—

Absence 249
Love's War 250
On a Flea on his Mistress's Bosom ... 252
The Portrait 253
Love-Sonnet (i.) 254
" " (ii) 254
A Warning 255
To the Young Gentlewomen 256
Believe your Glass 257
Fortune never Fails 258
To Mrs. Boulstred 260
To a Painted Lady 261
Love's Power 264
Love and Reason 265
To a Lady of a Dark Complexion ... 267
Borrowing 268
Supping Hours 269
The Smith 269
The Lady and her Viol 269
A Paradox 270
Sun, Begone 270
If She Deride 271
Love and Wit 272
Dr. Donne's Farewell to the World ... 273
Notes to Doubtful Poems 275

B. *Poems hitherto Uncollected*—

[To the Blessed Virgin Mary] 284

PAGE

To my Lord of Pembroke 285
Of a Lady in the Black Mask 286
A Letter written by Sir H[enry] G[oodyere] and J[ohn] D[onne], alternis vicibus 287
To the Author [Thomas Coryat] 289
In Eundem Macaronicum 290
On Friendship 290
The Constant Lover 291
[An Ideal] 292
The Lie 292
[True Love] 293
Notes to Poems hitherto Uncollected ... 294

C. *Spurious Poems* 302
D. *The Sheaf of Epigrams of* 1652 308
E. *Ignatius his Conclave* 312
F. *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* ... 315

List of First Lines 319

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE, FROM THE ISLAND VOYAGE WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THOU which art I—'tis nothing to be so—
Thou which art still thyself, by these shalt know
Part of our passage ; and a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a history
By a worse painter made ; and, without pride,
When by thy judgment they are dignified,
My lines are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only to impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave
—For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can soothsay ;
Honour and misery have one face, and way—

l. 2. 1635, *by this* l. 11. 1669, *gainsay*
l. 12. So 1633, 1669 ; 1635, *one way*

From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again ; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and fresh and sweet
—As to a stomach starved, whose insides meet,
Meat comes—it came ; and swole our sails, when we
So joy'd, as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see.
But 'twas but so kind as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder, meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sails assail ;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men
Who, when the storm raged most, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I waked, I saw that I saw not ;
I, and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night ; and I could only say,
If th' world had lasted, now it had been day.

l. 40. So 1633, 1669 ; 1635, *it had yet been day*

Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder, call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Grieved that they are not dead, and yet must die ;
And as sin-burden'd souls from grave will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep,
And trembling ask, "What news?" and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches would seem there
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
Then note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shaked with an ague, and the hold and waist
With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-too-high-stretch'd treble strings.
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so,
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago.
Even our ordnance, placed for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tired our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again ;
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.

l. 42. 1669, *by this*
l. 49. So 1635 ; 1633, *tremblingly*
l. 54. So 1635 ; 1633, *this ague*
l. 56. So 1635 ; 1633, *like too high stretched;* 1669, *like to too-high-stretched*
l. 59. 1635, *Yea, e'en*

Compared to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calm.
Darkness, light's eldest brother, his birthright
Claims o'er the world, and to heaven hath chasèd light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long, these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not thee.

THE CALM.

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid calm, but nothing it, doth 'suage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts, now, than a stork before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves, or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and, as these isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.

l. 66. So 1635; 1633, *and the Bermudas*
l. 68. So 1635; 1633, *Claim'd o'er this*
l. 4. So 1633, 1650; 1639, *a stroke*

As water did in storms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fired church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ended plays.
The fighting-place now seamen's rags supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes' maws;
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own priest and own sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboil'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encaged, the shepherds' scoff,
Or like slack-sinew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th' emperor's loved snake invade,

l. 14. 1669, *ending*
l. 15. 1669, *rage*
l. 17. 1669, *Now*
l. 24. So 1635; 1633, *jaws*
l. 30. So 1635; 1633, *our brimstone bath*

The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, now bed-rid ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being beloved and loving, or the thirst
Of honour or fair death, out-push'd me first,
I lose my end; for here, as well as I,
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forget to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas,
Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or ourselves, still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

l. 37. So 1635; 1633, 1669, *sea-goals*

l. 38. So 1635; 1633, *our venices, now;* 1669, *with Venice's, our*

l. 44. So 1635; 1633, *and a coward*

l. 48. 1669, *forgot*

ll. 52, 53. So 1669;

1633, *Is man now, than before he was? He was Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit.*

1635, *Is man now, than, before he was, he was? Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit.*

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle souls,
For thus, friends absent speak. This ease controls
The tediousness of my life; but for these
I could ideate nothing which could please;
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a bottle of hay, that am a lock of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our lives' ways
Countries, courts, towns are rocks, or remoras;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
That though than pitch they stain worse, we must touch.
If in the furnace of the raging line,
Or under th' adverse icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate regions, girded in,
Dwell there; but O, what refuge canst thou win
Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung or garlic be perfume? Or can
A scorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three; of all three?
O knotty riddle! each is worst equally.

l. 4. 1669, *invent nothing at all to please*
l. 6. 1669. *To a lock of hay, that am a bottle of grass*
l. 11. 1669, *even line*
l. 17. So 1635; 1633, *and garlic be a perfume;* 1669, *a perfume*

Cities are sepulchres ; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if none such there were.
And courts are theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one clay.
The country is a desert, where the good,
Gain'd, inhabits not, born, is not understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to all evils ;
In cities blocks, and in a lewd court devils.
As in the first chaos, confusedly,
Each element's qualities were in th' other three,
So pride, lust, covetise, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous.
Falsehood is denizen'd ; virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, "Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all."
Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive ;
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
For in best understandings sin began,
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not ; wretched we
Are beasts in all but white integrity.

l. 22. So 1635; 1633, *no such they*

l. 24. So 1635 ; 1633, *and of one clay;* 1650, *of one day;* 1669, *and all end in one day*

l. 25. So 1635 ; 1633, 1669—

where no good
Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood

l. 27. So 1635 ; 1633, *more evils*

l. 33. So 1635 ; 1633 omits *is*

I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing then
Utopian youth grown old Italian.
Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home;
Follow—for he is easy paced—this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol.
And in the world's sea do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face; nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line; but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound; so closely thy course go,
Let men dispute, whether thou breathe or no.
Only in this be no Galenist—to make
Courts' hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dullness; do not add
Correctives, but, as chemics, purge the bad.
But, sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'er those lessons, which I learn'd of you;
Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I thoroughly love; but if myself I've won
To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

l. 59. So 1635; 1633, *Only in this one thing be no Galenist*

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

WHO makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays;
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night;
But her fair, larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier;
Her appetite and her digestion mend.
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With women's milk, and pap, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

l. 1. So 1669; 1633, *the Past*
l. 20. So 1669; 1633, *harvests*

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
  Awhile from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
  Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
  We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go—whither? hence. You get, if you forget;
  New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heaven, and God her Father,
  Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
  That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
  And make you ashamed to make your hawks' praise yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
  You then first say, that high enough she towers.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
  Of God; love Him as now, but fear Him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
  And promised Him, at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
  Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new?
  And fables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

l. 27. So 1669; 1633, *Go whither? hence you get*
l. 28. So 1635; 1633, *in us* l. 38. 1639 omits *as*
l. 44. So 1669; 1633, *Tables*

But thus I make you keep your promise, sir,
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there ;
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Mitcham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

LIKE one who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a nun, tied to retiredness,
So affects my Muse, now, a chaste fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many hath shown,
How love-song weeds and satiric thorns are grown,
Where seeds of better arts were early sown ;

Though to use and love poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery ;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith, and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

l. 4. So 1633, 1669 ; 1635, *flown*
l. 5. So 1633, 1669 ; 1635, *How long Love's weeds*
l. 10. So 1635 ; 1633, *seem and be but*

There is no virtue but religion.
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass,

So we—if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue—may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to choose.

So works retiredness in us. To roam
Giddily and be everywhere, but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,
If we can stock ourselves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much dear treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thyself then, to thyself be improved;
And with vain outward things be no more moved,
But to know that I love thee and would be loved.

l. 23. So 1669; 1633, *sparks*
l. 31. So 1635; 1633, *termers*
l. 33. 1635, *good treasure*
l. 34. So 1669; 1633, *approved*

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HERE'S no more news than virtue ; I may as well
Tell you Calais, or Saint Michael's tales, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest ; so, may God frown,
If, but to loathe both, I haunt court or town.

For, here, no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still 's worse than he.

In this world's warfare, they whom rugged Fate
(God's commissary) doth so throughly hate,
As in the court's squadron to marshal their state ;

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishes, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues ;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

l. 2. So 1635 ; 1633, *tale for news, as tell ;* 1669, *Teil Calais, or Saint Michael's mount*
l. 14. So 1635 ; 1633, *wishing prayers*

Believe me, sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court was a play's praise,
Plays were not so like courts, as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antics jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious gests
Are but dull morals of a game at chests.

But now 'tis incongruity to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell awhile;
"At court,"—though "from court" were the better style.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM—
Reason is our soul's left hand, faith her right;
By these we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from fair faith grew.

But as, although a squint left-handedness
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand;
So would I—not to increase, but to express
My faith—as I believe, so understand.

l. 20. 1669, *a player's*
l. 21. So 1635; 1633, *are like plays*
l. 23. 1669. *are egregious guests*
And but dull Morals at
l. 25. 1669, *But 'tis an*
l. 3. So 1635; 1633, *blessings*

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
  Those friends whom your election glorifies ;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
  And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon the reasons why you're loved by all,
  Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach ;
Then back again to implicit faith I fall,
  And rest on that the Catholic voice doth teach—

That you are good ; and not one heretic
  Denies it; if he did, yet you are so ;
For rocks, which high to sense deep-rooted stick,
  Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In everything there naturally grows
  A balsamum to keep it fresh and new,
If 'twere not injured by extrinsic blows ;
  Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you, of learning, and religion,
  And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
  Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physic, but your food,
  A diet fit for you ; for you are here
The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
  That ever did in woman's shape appear.

l. 16. So 1635 ; 1633, *Catholic faith*
l. 19. 1669, *which high do seem,*

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
His factor for our loves, do as you do ;
Make your return home gracious, and bestow
This life on that ; so make one life of two.
For, so God help me, I would not miss you there,
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM—
You have refined me, and to worthiest things—
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune. Now I see
Rareness or use, not nature, value brings ;
And such, as they are circumstanced, they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin to excuse ;
But of two good things we may leave and choose.

Therefore at court—which is not virtue's clime,
Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
Makes her not be, or not show—all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be ;
For, as dark texts need notes, there some must be
To usher Virtue, and say, "This is she."

l. 36. So 1635 ; 1633, *Thy life*
l. 6. 1669, *or choose* l. 9. 1669, *Makes her not see*
l. 11. 1669, *need notes some ; there*

So in the country 's beauty. To this place
You are the season, Madam, you the day;
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display;
Widow'd and reclused else, her sweets she enshrines
As China, when the sun at Brazil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations; so,
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We, your new creatures, by new reckonings go.
This shows that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the court th' antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrificers run;
And whether priests or organs, you we obey;
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice;
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples' frames and beauty, as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest ;
  And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
  And make it wit, to think the wiser fools ;

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple, not as she ;
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be ;
  And after this survey, oppose to all
  Babblers of chapels, you, th' Escurial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair ;
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophecy.
  Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
  No sad nor guilty legends—you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original,
The elements, the parent, and the growth ;
And every piece of you is both their all ;
  So entire are all your deeds, and you, that you
  Must do the same things still ; you cannot two.

l. 48. 1669, *Builders*
l. 58. 1635, *worth their all*

But these—as nice thin school divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress—
Taste of poetic rage, or flattery;
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess.
Oft from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
The story of beauty, in Twickenham is, and you.
Who hath seen one, would both; as, who had been
In Paradise, would seek the cherubin.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT, NOW[1] LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, BEING AT THE SIEGE OF JULIERS.

MAN is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be;
Wisdom makes him an ark, where all agree.
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a theatre.
Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him, is eat away;

l. 61. 1669, *nicest school divinity*
l. 66. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *alters the men*
l. 67. 1669, *lend all appeal* l. 71. 1639, *hath been*

[1] 1669, SINCE

And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy 's he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts, and disafforested his mind ;
Empaled himself to keep them out, not in ;
Can sow, and dares trust, corn where they have been ;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest.
Else, man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too, which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse ;
For man can add weight to heaven's heaviest curse.
As souls (they say) by our first touch take in
The poisonous tincture of original sin,
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to His chickens, He doth cast
Hemlock, and we, as men, His hemlock taste.
We do infuse to what He meant for meat
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat ;
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills, we know not how ; His fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be His pleasure, is His rod,
And is His devil, that might be his God.
Since then our business is to rectify
Nature, to what she was, we're led awry

l. 14. 1635, *be not* l. 17. 1669 omits *a*
l. 28. 1635, *men know not*

By them, who man to us in little show,
Greater than due ; no form we can bestow
On him, for man into himself can draw
All ; all his faith can swallow, or reason chaw.
All that is filled and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial ;
For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profession then
Which you do use to make—that you know man.
This makes it credible ; you have dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find, every day, a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spiritual vices, simony ;
And not to have written then seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this, my debt I seem'd loth to confess ;
In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingness.
But 'tis not so ; nothings, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write so, than before.

Yet, since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
May I not yield (not gold but) coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, though profane;
Here Peter Jove's; there Paul hath Dian's fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or choose,
In me you've hallowed a pagan muse,
And denizen'd a stranger, who, mistaught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's best part, or all it—you.
I have been told, that virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suffers an ostracism, and departs.
Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go;
But whither, only knowing you, I know.
Your, or you virtue, two vast uses serves;
It ransoms one sex, and one court preserves.
There's nothing but your worth, which being true
Is known to any other, not to you.
And you can never know it; to admit
No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
But since to you your praises discords be,
Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
O! to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse, we know not what we would.
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills;
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.
As new philosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run,

l. 20. So 1635; 1633, *or all, in you*
l. 32. So 1635; 1633, *Stop*

So we have dull'd our mind ; it hath no ends ;
Only the body's busy, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipses and controls
The quick high moon, so doth the body souls.
In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office ; for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raise.
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one half, that's none ; He which said,
"Plough
And look not back," to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
These not engraved, but inborn dignities,
Caskets of souls, temples and palaces ;
For bodies shall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preserved, born naturally free.
As men to our prisons now, souls to us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us ;
Whate'er the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce ; hence hath it been
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes in man are seen.

l. 58. So 1635 ; 1633, *not naturally free*
l. 59. So 1635 ; 1633, *new souls to us*
l. 60. So 1635 ; 1633, *learn it*

But whoe'er saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament.
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
To increase with ours those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue has some perverseness, for she will
Neither believe her good, nor others' ill.
Even in you, virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjust suspicion;
And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles; some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will.
But in your commonwealth or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THIS twilight of two years, not past, nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this;
Who—meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex'd,
Whose what and where in disputation is—
If I should call me anything, should miss.

I sum the years, and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new.
That cannot say, "My thanks I have forgot,"
Nor trust I this with hopes; and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times show'd me you.

In recompense I would show future times
What you were, and teach them to urge towards such.
Verse embalms virtue; and tombs, or thrones, of rhymes
Preserve frail transitory fame, as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt airs' touch.

Mine are short-lived; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
New spirits; for strong agents with the same
Force, that doth warm and cherish us, do waste;
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last.

l. 18. So 1635; 1633, *spirit*
l. 19. So 1635; 1633, *cherish, us do waste*

So, my verse, built of your just praise, might want
  Reason and likelihood, the firmest base;
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
  Will vanish soon, and so possess no place;
  And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all—as truth commands assent—confess
  All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
—One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less—
  Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
  And—not an inch—measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
  But leave, lest truth be endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
  And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
  To make it good, for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
  His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex security with doubt,
  And clear those doubts; hide from you, and show you good;
  And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
  One latitude in cloisters, and in court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
  Some pity 's not good there; some vain disport,
  On this side sin, with that place may comport.

l. 35. So 1635; 1633, *such a prayer prays*

Yet He, as He bounds seas, will fix your hours,
  Which pleasure and delight may not ingress ;
And, though what none else lost be truliest yours,
  He will make you, what you did not, possess,
  By using others' (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
  And make you doubt that others do not so ;
He will provide you keys, and locks, to spy,
  And 'scape spies, to good ends, and He will show
  What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience, He gives innocence,
  But, for your fame, a discreet wariness ;
And—though to 'scape, than to revenge offence
  Be better—He shows both, and to repress
  Joy, when your state swells, sadness, when 'tis
    less.

From need of tears He will defend your soul,
  Or make a re-baptizing of one tear ;
He cannot—that 's, He will not—dis-enroll
  Your name ; and when with active joy we hear
  This private gospel, then 'tis our New Year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM—

Man to God's image, Eve to man's was made,
Nor find we that God breathed a soul in her;
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees,
Wonders because they're rare; but a new star,
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for there, no new things are.

In woman so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is; but active good
A miracle, which reason 'scapes, and sense;
For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below,
By virtue's beams—by fame derived from you—
May apt souls—and the worst may—virtue know

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the sun's fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

l. 13. So 1635; 1633, *which Magi*

But she's not stoop'd, but raised ; exiled by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you ;
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold ; and she
Informed us, but transubstantiates you.
Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
Elixirlike, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so ;
But virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
To adhere in these names, her and you to show.

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see ;
As, water being into air rarified,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
So, for our sakes, you do low names abide.

Taught by great constellations—which being framed
Of the most stars take low names, Crab and Bull,
When single planets by the gods are named—
You covet not great names, of great things full.

l. 24. So 1635 ; 1633, *amass'd*
ll. 25, 26, So 1635 ; 1633,

She gilded us, but you are gold, and she,
Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the veil of kindred others see ;
To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that ; so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise.
If they were so, oft, flatteries work as far
As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill, reaching you, might there grow good,
But I remain a poison'd fountain still ;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you,
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And virtue should your beauty and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confessed, which He instill'd,
Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

l. 42. 1669, *vale*

So I but your Recorder am in this,
  Or mouth, and Speaker of the universe,
A ministerial notary, for 'tis
  Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO M[R]. I. W.

ALL hail, sweet poet, more full of more strong fire,
  Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit;
  I loved what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire.
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
  Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
  Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
  Which be envied than pitied; therefore I,
  Because I wish thee best, do thee envy;
O, wouldst thou, by like reason, pity me.
But care not for me; I, that ever was
In nature's, and in fortune's gifts, alas
  —But for thy grace, got in the Muses' school—
  A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

l. 66. So 1635; 1633, *or Speaker*
l. 1. 1669, *and full* l. 2. So 1635; 1633, *any spirit*
l. 11. 1669, *I wish the best, do the envy*
l. 15. So 1635; 1633, *Before by thy grace*

Oh, how I grieve that late-born modesty
  Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts,
  That men may not themselves their own good parts
Extol, without suspect of surquedry.
For, but thyself, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
  Thy worth but thine ; how good it were to see
  A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet, as
  The painters' bad god made a good devil,
  'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme as thou dost pass,
Then write ; then I may follow, and so be
Thy debtor, thy echo, thy foil, thy zany ;
  I shall be thought—if mine like thine I shape—
  All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO M[R]. T. W.

HASTE thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him—my pain and pleasure.
I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet, and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.
Tell him all questions, which men have defended,
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended ;

l. 23. So 1669 ; 1633, *Thy work*
l. 29. 1669, *that I*
l. 30. 1669, *Thy echo, thy debtor*

And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this earth's habitation.
And 'tis where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is sent;
And you're my pawns, or else my testament.

TO M[R]. T. W.

PREGNANT again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft have I asked for thee, both how and where
Thou wert; and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is given, thy letter 's read,
The body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for 't, and zealously embrace
Thy love, though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

l. 12. 1635, *You are*

INCERTO.

AT once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my heart,
I to the nurse, they to the child of art.

Yet as a firm house, though the carpenter
Perish, doth stand; as an ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger;

So, though I languish, press'd with melancholy,
My verse, the strict map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy are sent.
Yet as a picture, or bare sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

TO M[R]. C[HRISTOPHER] B[ROOKE].

THY friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urged by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain.

And let the love I bear to both sustain
No blot nor maim by this division;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursued with amorous pain.
But though besides thyself I leave behind
Heaven's liberal, and the thrice fair sun,
Going to where starved winter aye doth won,
Yet Love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
To melt all ice, but that which walls her heart.

TO M[R]. S[AMUEL] B[ROOKE].

O THOU which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast sea of arts;
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not, siren-like, to tempt, for I
Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

l. 9. 1669, *myself*
l. 10. So 1635; 1633, 1669, *and earth's*
l. 11. So 1635; 1633, *stern winter*

TO M[R]. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
  Yet satisfied? is not thy brain's rich hive
  Fulfill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
  From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
  Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law.
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
  Which is, that that, which I should have begun
  In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
  Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
  Light and strength, dark and tired must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
  Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
  Be far from me that strange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood.
My Muse—for I had one—because I'm cold,
  Divorced herself, the cause being in me.
  That I can take no new in bigamy,
Not my will only, but power doth withhold.

l. 19. So Addl. MS. 18,647; 1633, *My nurse*

Hence comes it, that these rhymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little form, the which their father gave;
They are profane, imperfect—O, too bad
To be counted children of poetry,
Except confirm'd and bishoped by thee.

TO M[R]. R[OWLAND] W[OODWARD].

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me.
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes so like those shapes, whom they would appear,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit.
It is my deed of gift of me to thee;
It is my will, myself the legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
That I rejoice, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamour'd patient
His picture to his absent love hath sent.
All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Havens are heavens, and ships wing'd angels be,

The which both gospel and stern threatenings bring.
Guiana's harvest is nipp'd in the spring,
I fear ; and with us, methinks, Fate deals so
As with the Jews' guide God did ; He did show
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in ;
Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
Perchance, these Spanish businesses being done,
Which, as the earth between the moon and sun,
Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve.
But if—as all th' All must—hopes smoke away,
Is not almighty virtue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches ; and in good men this,
Virtue, our form's form and our soul's soul, is.

TO M[R]. I. L.

Of that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in th' English provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequane, or Danuby,
There's none that sometime greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe ; that past, us you forget.
You do not duties of societies,
If from th' embrace of a loved wife you rise,

View your fat beasts, stretch'd barns, and labour'd fields,
Eat, play, ride, take all joys which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go.
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both we shall repent;
I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent.

TO M[R]. I. P.

BLEST are your north parts, for all this long time
My sun is with you; cold and dark 's our clime;
Heaven's sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
Stay'd in your north, I think, for she was there;
And hither by kind nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence.
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run;
There sacrifice it to that beauteous sun.
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever wear
A green, and—when thee list—a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold;
Thy son ne'er ward; thy loved wife ne'er seem old.
But mayst thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

l. 14. 1635; *when she list*

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and fear'd name;
By which to you he derives much of his,
And, how he may, makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream;

After those learned papers which your hand
Hath stored with notes of use and pleasures too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do;

After those loving papers where friends send,
With glad grief to your sea-ward steps, farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troops, at a good man's passing-bell;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you must say at Venice, this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for task.

l. 10. 1635, *pleasure* l. 16. Walton (1670), *on troops*
l. 19. Walton, *What you would . . . says now*
l. 20. Walton, *And has*

To swear much love, not to be changed before
  Honour, alone will to your fortune fit ;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
  Than I have done your honour, wanting it.

But 'tis an easier load, though both oppress,
  To want, than govern greatness, for we are
In that, our own and only business,
  In this, we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are placed
  In their last furnace, in activity ;
Which fits them—schools and courts and wars o'er-past—
  To touch and test in any best degree.

For me—if there be such a thing as I—
  Fortune—if there be such a thing as she—
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
  That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But, though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
  For your increase, God is as near me here ;
And to send you what I shall beg, His stairs
  In length and ease are alike everywhere.

l. 21. Walton, *nor to be changed*
l. 24. 1635, *noble-wanting-wit;* Walton, *honour-wanting-wit*
l. 32. 1669, and Walton, *taste*
l. 35. Walton, *Finds*

TO M[RS.] M[AGDALEN] [HERBERT].

MAD paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons whom my brain did create;
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do;
That's much—emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
But 'tis not all; thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her,
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou comest to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And, having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand—which is
A miracle, and made such to work more—
Doth touch thee, sapless leaf, thou grow'st by this
Her creature, glorified more than before.

l. 2. So Haslewood-Kingsborough MS.; 1633, *thy brain*

l. 7. 1669, *That's much emboldness*

Then as a mother which delights to hear
  Her early child misspeak half-uttered words,
Or because majesty doth never fear
  Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
  And wisely ; what discourse is left for thee ?
From speech of ill, and her, thou must abstain ;
  And is there any good which is not she ?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not her;
  And wit, and virtue, and honour her attend ;
And since they're but her clothes, thou shalt not err,
  If thou her shape, and beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny ? when thou hast done,
  Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
  A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
  Were saved before, and did that heaven partake ;
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
  Of favour, she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'erskip the rest ;
  Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name ;
Mark if she do the same that they protest ;
  Mark if she mark whether her woman came.

l. 44. 1635, *whither*

Mark if slight things be objected, and o'erblown ;
  Mark if her oaths against him be not still
Reserved, and that she grieves she's not her own,
  And chides the doctrine that denies freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
  Nor to make myself her familiar ;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
  Would fain love him that shall be loved of her.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refined, that when God was alone
And creatureless at first, Himself had none.

But as of th' elements, these which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joyed or fed,
And those are barren both above our head ;

So from low persons doth all honour flow ;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us show,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross, by 'stilling, this is better done
By despised dung, than by the fire of sun.

l. 47. 1635, *grieve* l. 12. 1669, *or Sun*

Care not then, madam, how low your praises lie ;
In labourers' ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in Te Deum's melody ;

And ordnance, raised on towers, so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from the earth's low vaults in Sicil isle.

Should I say I lived darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue ;
But One, 'tis best light to contemplate you ;

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took souls' stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber drop enwraps a bee,
Covering discovers your quick soul, that we
May in your through-shine front our hearts' thoughts see.

You teach—though we learn not—a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were temples ; so, and such you are ;
Being and seeming is your equal care ;
And virtue's whole sum is but 'Know' and 'Dare.'

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,

l. 26. 1669, *coverings discover*

Nature's first lesson ; so discretion
Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor religion.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's, and you know
How these are one ; her 'Yea' is not her 'No.'

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them ; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God, round circles, so
Religion's types the pieceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways discretion.

Go thither still ; go the same way you went ;
Whoso would change, do covet or repent ;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

ll. 40-42. In 1635 these precede ll. 34-39
l. 53. 1669, *doth covet*

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime,
That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
Before he ate, man's shape, that would yet be
—Knew they not it, and feared beasts' company—
So naked at this day, as though man there
From paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrivèd be
Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree,
Deprived of that free state which they were in,
And, wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.
But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers at brooks,
And loseth younger forms ; so, to your eye,
These, madam, that without your distance lie,
Must either mist or nothing seem to be,
Who are, at home, but wit's mere Atomi.
But I, who can behold them move, and stay,
Have found myself to you, just their midway ;
And now must pity them ; for, as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you.
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode, nor cross-arm'd elegy.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully, without you smiled, were gone.

l. 26. 1669, *without vou smile*

I cannot feel the tempest of a frown ;
I may be raised by love, but not thrown down ;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talk, doth yet in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade.
Who first looked sad, grieved, pined, and shew'd his pain,
Was he that first taught women to disdain.
As all things were one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declined with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but untied,
Themselves unprison'd were and purified ;
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did,
A thirst, an appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in those days moved !
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he loved ;
Both sigh'd and interchanged a speaking eye ;
Both trembled and were sick ; both knew not why.
That natural fearfulness that struck man dumb,
Might well—those times consider'd—man become.

l. 31. 1669, *is feverish* l. 32. 1669, *yet doth*
l. 37. 1669, *were but one nothing*
l. 47. 1669, *that day* l. 50. 1669, *yet knew not*

As all discoverers, whose first essay
Finds but the place—after, the nearest way,
So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend;
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allow'd, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journeys not till it find summer-way.
A weather-beaten lover but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.
Who strives through woman's scorns women to know,
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo.
It must be sickness after one disdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others sin and grieve; one cunning slight
Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
I can love first, and, if I win, love still;
And cannot be removed, unless she will.
It is her fault if I unsure remain,
She only can untie, I bind again.
The honesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.
But, madam, I now think on you; and here
Where we are at our heights, you but appear.
We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
But a foul shadow, not your break of day.

l. 67. 1669, *It is mere*

You are at first hand all that's fair and right,
And others' good reflects but back your light.
You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries do scandal it.
For, what is more doth what you are restrain,
And though beyond, is down the hill again.
We've no next way to you, we cross to it ;
You are the straight line, thing praised, attribute.
Each good in you's a light ; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From far
We see you move, and here your zanies are ;
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dim actions faintly show.
Then find I, if man's noblest part be love,
Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
The soul with body is a heaven combined
With earth, and for man's ease, but nearer join'd ;
Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand ;
We guess not their large natures, but command.
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite ;
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soul we find too earthly to ascend,
'Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearness to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,

l. 98. 1669 omits *but*

Than earthly substance can unforced aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire.
Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speak;
But, like swoll'n bubbles, when they're highest they break.
Though far removèd northern fleets scarce find
The sun's comfort, others think him too kind.
There is an equal distance from her eye;
Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the sun-beams equal bright,
From the first rays to his last opposite,
So happy ['s] man, blest with a virtuous love,
Remote or near, or howsoe'er they move.
There virtue breaks all clouds that might annoy
There is no emptiness, but all is joy.
He much profanes whom valiant heats do move
To style his wandering rage of passion, Love.
Love that imparts in everything delight,
Is fancied in the soul, not in the sight.
Why love among the virtues is not known
Is, that love is them all contracted one.

l. 115. 1669, *northern isles*
l. 116. 1669, *The sun's sweet comfort, yet some think him too kind*
l. 120. 1669, *the ray's first*
l. 121. So Grosart; 1635, *able man;* 1669, *happy man*
l. 123. 1669, *Their* l. 127. 1669, *imports*
l. 128. So 1650; 1635 omits all after *fancied;* 1669, *by the soul, not appetite*
l. 130. 1650, *contract in one*

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THOUGH I be dead and buried, yet I have
—Living in you—court enough in my grave.
As oft as there I think myself to be,
So many resurrections waken me.
That thankfulness, your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
This season, as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts, disposed unto your influence; so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow.
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over-prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never known
Virtue or beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I should not think or say they shine,
—So as I have—in any other mine.
Next I confess this my confession,
For 'tis some fault this much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much,
And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess my impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do,
By studying copies, not originals.

Desunt Cætera.

l. 14. 1650, *and beauty*

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY, AND MISTRESS ESSEX RICH, FROM AMIENS.

MADAME—
Here, where by all all saints invokèd are,
'Twere too much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints, should my humility
To other saints than you directed be,
That were to make my schism, heresy.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold,
As not to tell it ; if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold,

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see ;

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent ;
They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

l. 13. So 1635 ; 1633, *who is*

For when through tasteless flat humidity
In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he.

So is the blood sometimes ; whoever ran
To danger unimportuned, he was then
No better than a sanguine virtuous man.

So cloistral men, who, in pretence of fear,
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through their zeal virtue but in their gall.

We're thus but parcel-gilt ; to gold we're grown
When virtue is our soul's complexion ;
Who knows his virtue's name or place, hath none

Virtue 's but aguish, when 'tis several,
By occasion waked, and circumstantial ;
True virtue 's soul, always in all deeds all.

This virtue, thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity,
For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do ;
And so hath made your beauty, virtue too.

l. 19. So 1669 ; 1633, *humility* l. 30. 1635, *this zeal*

Hence comes it that your beauty wounds not hearts,
As others, with profane and sensual darts;
But as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues and their might;

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue, and beauty of the same stuff, as you?

Which is, your noble worthy sister; she
Of whom, if what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short galleries
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but by th' other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that believes himself, doth never lie.

l. 60. 1669, *to th' other*

TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, AUGUST 1614.

FAIR, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What heaven can do, what any earth can be;
Since now your beauty shines; now, when the sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevell'd beams, and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
In lovers' sonnets, you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair;
Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dried,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead, low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
Cements of greatness, being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Court, city, church are all shops of smallwares;
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;
All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgments, and to draw to less
Even that nothing which at first we were;
Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that man, to get
Towards Him that's infinite, must first be great:

l. 2. So 1635; 1633, *and what any*
l. 16. 1669, *Courts*

Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it
—For who can judge, or witness of those times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical—
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue, understood;
If in this sacrifice of mine be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own.
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others, call not that idolatry;
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures which were made that day;
And when next day he had admired the birth
Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday;
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another's worthiest, and, that you;
Yet, to say so, doth not condemn a man,
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows;
We first have souls of growth and sense; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name.

l. 34. 1669, *light's largeness*

Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The same things now which I adored before,
The subject changed, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the king
I reverence, his power to work on me
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their walks, to find their home.
And as I owe my first souls thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave do lie;
For as your fellow-angels, so you do
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in histories do find
To have profess'd all arts, was one born blind;
He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those by which angels are seen and see.
So, though I'm born without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet, may I see you thus, as now I do,
I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
And though I burn my library, be learn'd.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

YOU that are she, and you that's double she,
In her dead face half of yourself shall see.
She was the other part, for so they do
Which build them friendships, become one of two;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit
—Which were to be so, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth Cusco and Musco take—
As divers stars one constellation make,
Pair'd like two eyes have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go.
Had you died first, a carcase she had been,
And we your rich tomb in her face had seen;
She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay.
And since you act that part—as men say, 'Here
Lies such a prince,' when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole—so we all reverence you;
For such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is.
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure which elemented them shall stay;
And though diffused, and spread in infinite,
Shall re-collect, and in one All unite;

So, madam, as her soul to heaven is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were.
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
She was all spices, you all metals; so
In you two we did both rich Indies know.
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One dram of gold, but what was first shall last;
Though it be forced in water, earth, salt, air,
Expansed in infinite, none will impair;
So to yourself you may additions take,
But nothing can you less, or changèd make.
Seek not in seeking new to seem to doubt,
That you can match her, or not be without;
But let some faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no such book as she.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

WHERE is that holy fire, which verse is said
To have? Is that enchanting force decay'd?
Verse that draws nature's works from nature's law,
Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old poetic fire?
Why quench'd they not as well that of desire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty.

l. 3. 1669, *work*

Only thine image in my heart doth sit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and sense.
Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,
Which, both to keep and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me how fair thou art; thou art so fair
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are graced thereby; and to make blind men see,
What things gods are, I say they're like to thee.
For if we justly call each silly man
A little world, what shall we call thee then?
Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As down, as stars, cedars, and lilies are;
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never,
As thou wast, art, and O, mayst thou be ever.
Here lovers swear in their idolatry,
That I am such; but grief discolours me.
And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Plays some soft boy with thee, O, there wants yet
A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.
His chin, a thorny, hairy unevenness
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural paradise,
In whose self, unmanured, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection; why shouldst thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?

Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
And are as thieves traced, which rob when it snows.
But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air;
And between us all sweetness may be had,
All, all that nature yields, or art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two
But so, as thine from one another do,
And, O, no more; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs?
Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
That touching myself all seems done to thee.
Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank myself for this.
Me, in my glass, I call thee; but alas,
When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
O cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to thee, thee my half, my all, my more.
So may thy cheeks' red outwear scarlet dye,
And their white, whiteness of the Galaxy;
So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love;
And so be change and sickness far from thee,
As thou by coming near keep'st them from me.

TO BEN JONSON, 9 NOVEMBRIS, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
If mean I will spare them. I know the pelf
Which is ill-got the owner doth upbraid;
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid,
And a jury; but 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
What care I though of weakness men tax me?
I had rather sufferer than doer be.
That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is, that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? Though less, yet some of both have we,
Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me, double,
Am of this, though it should sink me, careless;
It would but force me to a stricter goodness.
They have great gain of me, who gain do win,
If such gain be not loss, from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would afford
A pretty sum, if God would sell His word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too;
How unlike they are that they're liken'd to.
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils;
If good, like Gods; the naught are so like devils.

TO SIR THO. ROWE, 1603.

DEAR TOM—
Tell her, if she to hired servants show
Dislike, before they take their leave, they go,
When nobler spirits start at no disgrace;
For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave she ask,
Ask her again why she did not unmask.
Was she or proud or cruel, or knew she
'Twould make my loss more felt, and pitied me?
Or did she fear one kiss might stay for moe?
Or else was she unwilling I should go?
I think the best, and love so faithfully,
I cannot choose but think that she loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her try
How in her service I would fructify.
Ladies have boldly loved; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
Then he whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
Howe'er, I'll wear the black and white ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand.
I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
If what I have was given, I have enough.
And all's well, for had she loved, I'd not had
All my friend's hate; for now departing sad
I feel not that; yet as the rack the gout
Cures, so hath this worse grief that quite put out.

My first disease naught but that worse cureth,
Which, I dare foresay, nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this, before I am forgot,
That not too late she grieve she loved me not.
Burden'd with this, I was to depart less
Willing than those which die, and not confess.

DE LIBRO, CUM MUTUARETUR IMPRESSO, DOMI A PUERIS FRUSTRATIM LACERATO, ET POST REDDITO MANUSCRIPTO.

DOCTISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE V. D. D. ANDREWS

Parturiunt madido quæ nixu præla recepta ;
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus ; victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente meat.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis, cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat et veterum scrinia summa patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum ; pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, annon
Ipse pater, juvenem, me dabit arte, senem ?
Hei miseris senibus ; nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in juvenem.

Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Inter ea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, et cœlorum æmulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam carus, tam meus, ante fuit.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

Oh, to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, *sesqui-superlative?*
Venice' vast lake thou'st seen, and wouldst seek then
Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtesan.
That inland sea having discover'd well,
A cellar-gulf, where one might sail to hell
From Heidelberg, thou longed'st to see; and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing; it is not fruit nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One-half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic?
Not till thou exceed the world? canst thou be like

A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother-nose?
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Münster did towns, and Gesner authors show,
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman, as a gazetteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou comest back,
Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send.
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see 't no more, upon the press.
The East sends hither her deliciousness,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence,
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tons of currants and of figs,
Of medicinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide;
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures, to thick popular fairs;
If omni-pregnant there upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;

l. 24. 1650, *garetteer* l. 33. 1669, *hence*
l. 39. So 1650; 1611, *tomes*

Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th' ancients never took,
A Pandect makest, and universal book.
The bravest heroës, for public good,
Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood;
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good, cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces for a lord,
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage;
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom, in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true;
As Sibyl's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confess;
The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less;
Thy giant wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
And rather than read all, I would read none.

AMICISSIMO ET MERITISSIMO BEN. JONSON.

In Volponem.

QUOD arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi ;
Tam nemo veterum est secutor, ut tu
Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis ; tuique prima
Libri canitie induantur hora ;
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, quîs dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque
Te parem ; hos superes, ut et futuros,
Ex nostra vitiositate sumas,
Qua priscos superamus, et futuros.

J. D.

l. 11. 1650, *Nascunturque*

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATH OF

SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

ELEGY UPON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look to me, faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness is;
And reason is that centre, faith is this;
For into our reason flow, and there do end,
All that this natural world doth comprehend,
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th' enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportion'd and so angular,
As is God's essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence,
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centres one.

l. 8. So 1663; 1613, *men*

And nothing ever came so near to this,
As contemplation of that prince we miss.
For all that faith might credit mankind could,
Reason still seconded that this prince would.
If, then, least moving of the centre make,
More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
What must this do, centres distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believed till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an ecstasy
On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
For whom, what princes angled, when they tried,
Met a torpedo, and were stupefied;
And others' studies, how he would be bent,
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activest spirit, to convey and tie
This soul of peace through Christianity?
Was it not well believed, that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake,
And that his times might have stretch'd out so far,
As to touch those of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came, we saw heaven did allow
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times rumours of wars did rise.

l. 18. So 1633; 1613, *the prince*
l. 19. So 1633; 1613, *could credit*
l. 21. So 1633; 1613, *movings*
l. 34. 1635, *to Christianity*
l. 42. So 1633; 1613, 1635, *should rise*

But now this faith is heresy; we must
Still stay, and vex our great-grandmother, Dust.
O, is God prodigal? hath He spent His store
Of plagues on us; and only now, when more
Would ease us much, doth He grudge misery,
And will not let 's enjoy our curse—to die?
As for the earth thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall,
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so.
Therefore we live; though such a life we have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that;
And could grief get so high as heaven, that choir,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
—With grief to see him—he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is the other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness to enquire of accident,
So is 't to look for reason, he being gone,
The only subject reason wrought upon.

l. 66. So 1633; 1613, *With causes*

If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin.
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us, with busy proof to come,
That we've no reason, would prove we had some.
So would just lamentations ; therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he ;
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We've double excuse ; he is not dead, and we are.
Yet I would not die yet ; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he
—Our souls best baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey, of considering God—
Yet, no dishonour, I can reach him thus,
As he embraced the fires of love, with us.
O may I, since I live, but see or hear
That she-intelligence which moved this sphere,
I pardon fate, my life ; whoe'er thou be,
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she.
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you wish I knew your history ;
So, much as you two mutual heavens were here,
I were an angel, singing what you were.

l. 73. So 1633 ; 1613, *to steal in*
l. 77. So 1633 ; 1613, *proofs*
l. 82. 1669 omits *and* l. 83. 1669, *would not I*

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I have learned by those laws wherein I am a[1] *little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heir; I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words, which must express it. But, Madam, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours; so, his virtues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth*

Your ladyship's most humble
and thankful servant,
JOHN DONNE.

[1] 1669 omits *a*

OBSEQUIES OF THE LORD HARRINGTON, BROTHER TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.[1]

FAIR soul, which wast, not only as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infusèd, harmony,
But didst continue so; and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heaven and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refined,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make, by this soft ecstasy,
This place a map of heaven, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight; now all rest;
Times dead-low water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business; when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now, when the client, whose last hearing is

[1] So the Haslewood-Kingsborough MS.

1633. *Obsequies to the Lord Harrington's brother. To the Countess of Bedford.*

1669. *Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c. To the Countess of Bedford.*

l. 7. So 1635; 1633, *man's*

To-morrow, sleeps ; when the condemned man,
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death, although sad watch he keep,
Doth practice dying by a little sleep ;
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me, midnight's noon,
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee ;
And I discern by favour of this light,
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass ; as thou, when thou dost see
Him Who sees all, seest all concerning thee ;
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is He,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things, in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men ; for by their being here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm, or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds ? which shall I call best ?
For fluid virtue cannot be looked on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood I did last year,
And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently

l. 30. 1669, *hardiest*

Push'd with more waters from my sight, and gone ;
So in this sea of virtues, can no one
Be insisted on ; virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies ;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names and ranks ; but I
Should injure nature, virtue, and destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that should say spirits are framed
Of all the purest parts that can be named,
Honours not spirits half so much as he
Which says they have no parts, but simple be ;
So is 't of virtue, for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had fate meant to have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old ;
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just.
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time and space.
So was it in this person, forced to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome ;

l. 76. 1669, *last time and space*

So to exhibit in few years as much
As all the long-breathed chronicles can touch.
As when an angel down from heaven doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think, 'Now he is at the sun,
Now through the moon, now he through th' air doth run';
Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt heaven and earth, sun, moon, and air.
And as this angel in an instant knows,
And yet we know, this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings,
When they, whose slow-paced lame thoughts cannot go
So fast as he, think that he doth not so.
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B;
So, in short-lived good men, is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good;
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go, and know, and as men read.
O, why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffused and spread,
And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
O soul, O circle, why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth and death closed up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was placed
In heaven, the other might securely have paced,

In the most large extent, through every path
Which the whole world or man th' abridgment hath.
Thou know'st that though the tropic circles have
—Yea, and those small ones which the Poles engrave—
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of th' equinoctial;
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the sun affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
Only great circles, then, can be our scale.
So though thy circle to thyself express
All, tending to thy endless happiness,
And we by our good use of it may try,
Both how to live well, young, and how to die;
Yet since we must be old, and age endures
His torrid zone at court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydroptic avarice
—Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust and ignorance of youth—
Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing set us what to do?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
Whose hands get shaking palsies, and whose string
(His sinews) slackens, and whose soul, the spring,
Expires, or languishes; whose pulse, the fly,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;

l. 130. 1669, *tell us* l. 135. 1635, *the flee*

Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle as men which to their last hours are come,
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks which in steeples chime,
Placed to inform whole towns to employ their time,
An error doth more harm, being general,
When small clocks' faults only on the wearer fall;
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the state rely.
Why wouldst not thou, then, which hadst such a soul,
A clock so true, as might the sun control,
And daily hadst from Him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
O, why wouldest thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out, than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirlpool death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.

l. 138. 1669, *hour come*

Methinks all cities, now, but anthills be,
Where, when the several labourers I see,
For children, house, provision taking pain,
They're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain.
And churchyards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich.
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
At that gate, then, triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy triumph. But since laws allow,
That at the triumph day the people may
All that they will 'gainst the triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
By law to triumphs none admitted be,
Till they as magistrates get victory.
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had wrought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this state destined thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subjects' love,
Thou couldst no title to this triumph have ;
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.
Then, though victoriously, thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat

l. 192. So 1635 ; 1633, *usurp'st*

Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
Both envy, and acclamation popular
—For both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers mine, those which are great—
Till then thy war was but a civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are ;
No more are they who, though with good success,
In a defensive war their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarged, and not preserved alone.
Why shouldst thou, then, whose battles were to win
Thyself from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which He gave thee the vicariate,
Which is thy soul and body, as entire
As he who takes indentures doth require ;
But didst not stay to enlarge His kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do ;
Why shouldst thou triumph now, when heaven no more
Hath got by getting thee, than it had before ;
For heaven and thou, e'en when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place which is conquered must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out ;

l. 198. 1669, *acclamations*
l. 212. So 1669 ; 1633, *endeavours*

And hath he left us so? or can it be
His territory was no more than he?
No, we were all his charge; the diocese
Of every exemplar man the whole world is;
And he was joined in commission
With tutelar angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid and chide
Him who triumph'd were lawful, it was tied
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority by which he got
Leave to triumph, before by age he might;
So though, triumphant soul, I dare to write,
Moved with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispensed with thee,
'Gainst nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumphs; and I, though with pain,
Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say, it was more fit
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our time be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French *soldarii* did;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,

l. 224. 1669, *This*

Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulwarks, which became them best;
Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,
Which, by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behindhand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

ELEGY ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

MAN is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our bank, whene'er it takes a friend.
Then our land waters, tears of passion, vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament
—Tears which our soul doth for her sins let fall—
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral.
And e'en those tears which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God's 'No,' drown the world again.
Nothing but man of all envenom'd things
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.

l. 6. 1669, *to break our bank*
l. 12. 1669, *after God, now drown;* Addl. MS. 18647, *after God's Noah*

Tears are false spectacles ; we cannot see,
Through passion's mist, what we are or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refined by death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay,
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay ;
So at this grave, her limbec—which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and mines,
Of which this flesh was—her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when His last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense it, shall
Make and name then th' elixir of this all.
They say the sea, when it gains, loseth too ;
If carnal death, the younger brother, do
Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
To th' elder death by sin, is freed by this.
They perish both, when they attempt the just ;
For graves our trophies are, and both death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both ;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loth ;
Nor do they die, which are not loth to die ;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains ! Alas
How little poison cracks a crystal glass !

l. 28. 1669, *name them*

She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
That God's word must be true, 'All, sinners be.'
So much did zeal her conscience rarify,
That extreme truth lacked little of a lie,
Making omissions acts, laying the touch
Of sin on things that sometime may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too;
So would her soul, already in heaven, seem then
To climb by tears the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that death his vain haste may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward heresy,
That women can no parts of friendship be,
How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that hear her virtues, think her old;
And lest we take death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ll. 44-5. 1633 omits these lines, between the foot of one page and the head of the next.

l. 60. So 1633, 1669; 1635, *virtue*

ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

DEATH I recant, and say, 'Unsaid by me,
Whate'er hath slipp'd, that might diminish thee.'
Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis to say
That any can thy summons disobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy table; there are set
Plants, cattle, men, dishes for death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starved jaws.
Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserved to last.
Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deep
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep;
Who—were Death dead—by roes of living sand
Might sponge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds', heaven's choristers, organic throats;
Which, if they did not die, might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchy.
O strong and long-lived death, how camest thou in?
And how without creation didst begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou diest,
All the four Monarchies, and Antichrist.

l. 6. So 1633, 1650; 1635, *dished*
l. 15. 1635, *the roes;* 1669, *the rows,*

How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this All nothing else is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For we, to live, our bellows wear and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou be'st, O mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at His feet, yet doth He
Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
And of those few now thou hast overthrown
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
She was more storeys high; hopeless to come
To her soul, thou hast offer'd at her lower room.
Her soul and body was a king and court;
But thou hast both of captain miss'd and fort.
As houses fall not, though the kings remove,
Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace;
Both work a separation, no divorce.
Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be almost another soul—for there
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
Because in her, her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so,
And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?

l. 34. 1635, *for thee*

What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
O, every age a diverse sin pursueth.
Thou should'st have stayed, and taken better hold.
Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have proved; and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues must have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, misthinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship, love, and feign
To sociableness, a name profane,
Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus mightst thou have slain more souls had'st thou not cross'd
Thyself, and to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone.
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke, but no link lost.

l. 74. 1635, *though no link*

ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

DEATH, be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow ;
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow ;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming, terror, anguish, grief denounces ;
Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest
—Not by the thundering voice, wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in heaven He treats—
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers sought.
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The doors 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay.
A better witness than thou art, assures,
That though dissolved, it yet a space endures ;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people cursed before they were ;
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears ;

The mourning livery given by grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams washed should be;
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that sweet sound
Which did i' th' spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her last act it saw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge then to have lost her sight,
Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night;
But by all souls not by corruption choked
Let in high raisèd notes that power be invoked,
Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest
From sorrows here to a kingdom ever blest.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
'The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.'

DEATH.

LANGUAGE, thou art too narrow and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears, and lessens, that tears breath affords.

l. 2. So 1635; 1633, *sorrow*

Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are
—So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar—
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant, in the fifth and greatest monarchy,
Was 't that she did possess all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
Was 't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had adored thee, that now from thee flies;
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin.
She was too sapphirine and clear for thee;
Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be.
Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak;
Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Thou hast lost thy end; in her we perish all;
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we should vapour out, and pine, and die,
Since she first went, that were not misery.

l. 21. So 1635; 1633, *to thee*
l. 26. So 1635; 1633, *for in her perish all*
l. 28. So 1635; 1633, *They know . . . that knew*

She changed our world with hers ; now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity is oppression ;
For of all moral virtues she was all,
That ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
Her soul was paradise ; the cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out sin.
She had no more than let in death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree.
God took her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, Him and His laws above ;
And when we tears, He mercy shed in this,
To raise our minds to heaven, where now she is ;
Who if her virtues would have let her stay
We had had a saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire
Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray ;
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
For she was of that order whence most fell ;
Her body's left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead ;
For from less virtue, and less beauteousness,
The Gentiles framed them gods and goddesses.
The ravenous earth, that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia, and the tree

l. 34. So 1635 ; 1633, *The*
l. 50. So 1635 ; 1633, *Sabaoth*
l. 53. So 1635 ; 1633, *body*

That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond.
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoic's heart.

ELEGY ON THE L. C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, O, heir of it, our all is his prey.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange as to weep thus.
'Tis well his life's loud-speaking works deserve,
And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve;
'Tis well he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have store.
O, if a sweet briar climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet that must wither which by it did rise,
As we for him dead; though no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for heaven's discovery
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share,
We lose what all friends loved, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If he could have foes, in whose practice grew
All virtues, whose name subtle schoolmen knew.

l. 2. 1669, *his pay*

What ease can hope that we shall see him beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures; O, they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone,
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I presume you rather try what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice.[1] *If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the*[2] *obligation with more*[3] *alacrity; but I thank you that you would command me that which I was loth*[4] *to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of*

Your poor friend and
servant in Christ Jesus,
J. D.

[1] So 1635; 1633, *worthy of you, nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice*

[2] So 1635; 1633, *your* [3] So 1635; 1633, *much*

[4] So 1635; 1633, *lother*

A HYMN TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

WHETHER that soul which now comes up to you
Fill any former rank, or make a new ;
Whether it take a name named there before,
Or be a name itself and order more
Than was in heaven till now—for may not he
Be so, if every several angel be
A kind alone? whatever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we do not so.
One of your orders grows by his access,
But, by his loss, grow all our orders less ;
The name of father, master, friend, the name
Of subject and of prince, in one is lame ;
Fair mirth is damp'd, and conversation black,
The Household widow'd, and the Garter slack ;
The Chapel wants an ear, Council a tongue ;
Story, a theme ; and Music lacks a song.
Blest order that hath him, the loss of him
Gangrened all orders here ; all lost a limb.
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was ; all former comeliness
Fled, in a minute, when the soul was gone ;
And, having lost that beauty, would have none.
So fell our monasteries, in an instant grown
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone ;

So sent his body that fair form it wore
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth—before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone—
Anticipate a resurrection.
For, as in his fame now his soul is here,
So, in the form thereof, his body's there ;
And if, fair soul, not with first Innocents
Thy station be, but with the Penitents,
—And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
Dyed scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?—
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean,
Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

l. 25. So 1635 ; 1633, *this*
l. 29. 1650, *it his fame ;* 1669, *it is his fame*

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are speechless grown to make stones speak.
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside seest what thou art now,
Yet thou 'rt not yet so good ; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow here, we're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass ; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases,
So we ourselves miraculously destroy.
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the trumpet's air shall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee ;
And think me well composed, that I could now
A last sick hour to syllables allow.

l. 14. 1669, *then exhale*

ELEGY.

MADAM,
That I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scroll.
Others by wills give legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see what thou art now,
Yet thou 'rt not yet so good ; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, we're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass ; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases.

l. 12. So 1669; 1635, *mellow thee*

THE END OF FUNERAL ELEGIES.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD;

Wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and the decay of this whole world is represented.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

The entry into the work.

WELL died the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomy.
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forcèd tears,
Whose state requites their loss; whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse lives, which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality?

And thou, the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, could'st not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate,
Than whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephews' eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine.
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil, and the comely face;
A task which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch.
Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou lived, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red.
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses; these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were; so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gavest to us,
And may'st but thank thyself for being thus.
Yet what thou gavest and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profess'd all due, where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs, that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise in thine,
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the choir of saints, and Seraphim,

l. 21. 1669, *it is to praise*
l. 36. 1633, *and thine*

As any angel's tongue can sing of thee.
The subjects differ, though the skill agree.
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues, did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose lossful gain
Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Ne'er may thy name be in our songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

[JOSEPH HALL.]

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD. THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN that rich soul which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they've one
—For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his—
[When that queen ended here her progress time,
And, as to her standing house, to heaven did climb
Where, loth to make the saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the choir and song,]
This world in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,

l. 39. 1650, *tongues*

l. 47. 1650, *Never . . . in our songs;* 1669, *Never . . . in songs*

Which drew the strongest vital spirits out.
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this
—Because, since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she—
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits ; it joy'd, it mourn'd ;
And as men think that agues physic are,
And th' ague being spent, give over care ;
So thou, sick world, mistakest thyself to be
Well, when, alas ! thou'rt in a lethargy.
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'st have better spared the sun, or man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst ; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For, as a child kept from the fount, until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnamed hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made.
Her name defined thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead—but being dead,
Measures of time are all determined—

l. 14. 1650, *succoured them*

But long she hath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they're loth it should be said,
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead.
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The cement, which did faithfully compact
And glue all virtues, now resolved and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession ; therefore spoke no more,
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick world, yea dead, yea putrefied, since she,
Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I—since no man can make thee live—will try
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection ;

What life the world hath still.

For there's a kind of world remaining still ;
Though she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,

l. 50. 1650, *give all virtues*

A faint weak love of virtue and of good
Reflects from her, on them which understood
Her worth ; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay ;
Which, from the carcase of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produced ; the matter and the stuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is.
And, though to be thus elemented arm
These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm
—For all assumed unto this dignity
So many weedless paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in—
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old.
For with due temper men do then forego,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health ; physicians say that we,
At best, enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness than to know
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous ; poor mothers cry
That children come not right, nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind ! it labour'd to frustrate

The sickness of the world.

Impossibility of health.

l. 89. 1669, *them forego*

Even God's purpose, and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principal in ill;
For that first marriage was our funeral;
One woman, at one blow, then kill'd us all;
And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We do delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind.
And yet we do not that; we are not men;
There is not now that mankind which was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive
Shortness of life. —Joint-tenants of the world—who should survive;
When stag, and raven, and the long-lived tree,
Compared with man, died in minority;
When if a slow-paced star had stolen away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see it again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When, as the age was long, the size was great;
Man's growth confess'd, and recompensed the meat;
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm control;
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right, or lie.

Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow ;
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives ;
And as in lasting, so in length is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a span.
For had a man at first in forests stray'd,
Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an elephant or whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him ; now, alas !
The fairies and the pigmies well may pass
As credible ; mankind decays so soon,
We're scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon.
Only death adds to our length ; nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text ; or had we changed to gold
Their silver, or disposed into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scatter'd was.
But 'tis not so ; we're not retired, but damp'd ;
And, as our bodies, so our minds are cramp'd.
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work to undo ;
Of nothing He made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back ; and we
Do what we can to do 't so soon as He.
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.

Smallness of stature.

This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home
—And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's ministers and legates there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility, and to man's use—
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth to attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend;
This man so great, that all that is, is his,
O, what a trifle, and poor thing he is!
If man were anything, he's nothing now.
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th' ancients seemed to prophesy,
When they called virtues by the name of *she;*
She, in whom virtue was so much refined,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
The poisonous tincture, and the stain of Eve,
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchemy;
She, she is dead; she's dead; when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed, not banquet, on
The supernatural food, religion,

l. 161. So 1635; 1621, *Thus man*

Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
Be more than man, or thou'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame,
Quite out of joint, almost created lame;
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd and depraved the best.
It seized the angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts and plants, cursed in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first hour decay; Decay of nature in other parts.
That evening was beginning of the day.
And now the springs and summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt;
The element of fire is quite put out;
The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the planets, and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation.
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got

To be a phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow ;
She that had all magnetic force alone,
To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one ;
She whom wise nature had invented then,
When she observed that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way ;
She that was best, and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to fate ; she whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfumed the East ;
Whose having breathed in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so ;
And that rich Indy, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coin'd from her ;
She to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs, or the microcosm of her ;
She, she is dead ; she's dead ; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is ;
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou saw'st it, rotten at the heart.
Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd ;
And that thou hast but one way, not to admit
The world's infection—to be none of it.

l. 217. 1669, *there can be*

For the world's subtlest immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound and age's darts;
For the world's beauty is decay'd, or gone
—Beauty; that's colour and proportion.
We think the heavens enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion, embracing all;
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observed in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such diverse downright lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form; it tears
The firmament in eight-and-forty shares,
And in these constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes;
As though heaven suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new towers rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impaled within a zodiac
The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab control,
And fright him back, who else to either pole,
Did not these tropics fetter him, might run.
For his course is not round, nor can the sun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct; but where he rose to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine;
And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fallen nearer us.

Disformity of parts.

l. 273. 1635, *of his reeling*

So of the stars which boast that they do run
In circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion 's lame, it sinks, it swells;
For of meridians and parallels
Man hath weaved out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They're diversely content to obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Teneriffe or higher hill
Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink?
Seas are so deep that whales, being struck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die.
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie
As one might justly think that there would rise
At end thereof one of th' antipodes.
If under all a vault infernal be
—Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a straight hot room be thrust—
Then solidness and roundness have no place.
Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
Of th' earth? Think so; but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigured is;

l. 284. So 1635; 1621, *our peace*
l. 286. 1633, *a Tenarus*

That those two legs whereon it doth rely, Disorder in the world.
Reward and punishment, are bent awry.
And, O, it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best proportion is dead,
Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whose lines proportion should be
Examined, measure of all symmetry,
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls made
Of harmony, he would at next have said
That harmony was she, and thence infer
That souls were but resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow ;
She, who if those great doctors truly said
That th' ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and passions lived at peace
In her, who caused all civil war to cease.
She, after whom what form soe'er we see
Is discord and rude incongruity ;
She, she is dead ; she's dead ; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is ;
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee ;
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains whence our actions spring,
Endanger us ; but that if everything

Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers-on
—Since most men be such as most think they be—
They're loathsome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element,
Colour and lustre, now is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
As a compassionate turquoise, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well;
As gold falls sick being stung with mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busy, the first week,
Swaddling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes, and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day;
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one;
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd; summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft dyed garment shows.
Our blushing red, which used in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not been dead.
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,

As in an unvex'd paradise ; from whom
Did all things' verdure, and their lustre come ;
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her ;
She, she is dead ; she's dead ; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is ;
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That it should more affright than pleasure thee ;
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity, to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this.
The father or the mother barren is ;
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower ;
Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth.
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs,
And false conceptions fill the general wombs.
Th' air shows such meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be ;
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian Mages to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate anything,

Weakness in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth.

So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in an herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch, all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and powerfully on us.
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are medicinal;
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be—if not follow'd—wonder'd at;
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpents' poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot,
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us, she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receivers' impotencies lame;
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some princes have some temperance;
Some counsellors, some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more than kings should give, to crave;

Some women have some taciturnity ;
Some nunneries some grains of chastity ;
She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was iron, and rusty too,
She, she is dead ; she's dead ; when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is ;
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vain to dew, or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood ; nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead, Conclusion.
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts that are of most effect ;
So the world's carcase would not last, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomy ;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end ; and blessed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever has been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent ;
Who till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth ;

l. 444. 1669, *hath been said*

That is, thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
When man doth die; our body 's as the womb,
And as a mid-wife death directs it home.
And you, her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse;
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all
That song, because He knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory.
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade;
Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from thus trying to imprison her;
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; heaven keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest.
Alas! what's marble, jet, or porphyry,
Prized with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 'tis glass;
And so is all, to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she's demolish'd; can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas! short-lived, abortive be
Those carcase verses, whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
Being such a tabernacle stoop to be
In paper wrapp'd; or when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;

l. 1. So 1635; 1621, *'Tis lost*
l. 13. So 1635; 1621, *aborted*

The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
By which remote and distant countries meet;
But those fine spirits, which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be.
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world itself, so great as she.
Thus brave and confident may nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead? may 't not be said,
That as a sunder'd clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
Repolish'd, without error then to stand,
Or as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
—Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues—far greater than it was,
May 't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in 't, but can we
Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see?
What is 't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne, or cherubin?
We lose by 't: and as aged men are glad
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,

Smallness of stature.

l. 33. 1625, *so great she;* 1633, *so great was she*

So now the sick, starved world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then, nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastening to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within;
'Twas but a through-light scarf her mind to enroll,
Or exhalation breathed out from her soul;
One whom all men, who durst no more, admired;
And whom, whoe'er had worth enough, desired;
As when a temple 's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But as, when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise;
What place they should assign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out;
So the world studied whose this piece should be,
Till she can be nobody's else, nor she;
But like a lamp of balsamum, desired
Rather to adorn than last, she soon expired.
Clothed in her virgin white integrity
—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—
To 'scape th' infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before she was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as served for opium;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
She hath yielded to too long an ecstasy.

He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of destiny,
How fair, and chaste, humble and high she'd been,
Much promised, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book.
But 'tis not so ; fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-commissioner with destiny,
She did no more but die ; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her delegate,
To accomplish that which should have been her fate.
They shall make up that book, and shall have thanks
Of fate, and her, for filling up their blanks ;
For future virtuous deeds are legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise ;
And 'tis in heaven part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

Wherein, by occasion of the religious death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESS.

Two souls move here, and mine, a third, must move
Paces of admiration and of love.
Thy soul, dear virgin, whose this tribute is,
Moved from this mortal sphere to lively bliss;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The world's last day, thy glory's full degree,
Like as those stars which thou o'erlookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still movèd are.
No soul—whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is—can follow thee half-way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow.
But now thou art as high in heaven flown
As heavens from us, what soul besides thine own

Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
I envy thee, rich soul, I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see.
And thou, great spirit, which hers followed hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
So far, as none can follow thine so far
—And if this flesh did not the passage bar,
Hadst caught her—let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long agone hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now makest proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessened in thine airy way.
So while thou makest her soul by progress known,
Thou makest a noble progress of thine own,
From this world's carcase having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beseem a creature's praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Makest a new progress, while thou wanderest here,
Still upward mount; and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays.
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh, let her never stoop below the clouds;
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awful Powers that make them blest. [JOSEPH HALL]

l. 34. 1669, *whilst*

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL. THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The entrance.

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider, that a year is run,
Since both this lower world's, and the sun's sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this all
Did set; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship, which hath struck sail, doth run
By force of that force which before it won;
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red Seas, which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckon'd and call'd back his soul:
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw,
Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are, at the creation, named
Before the sun, the which framed days, was framed,
So after this sun's set, some show appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.

Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all.
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be
To be hereafter praised, for praising thee.
Immortal maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great-grandchildren of thy praises grow;
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrify with vice.
For thus man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns thy issue may increase so long,
As till God's great Venite change the song.

A just estimation of this world.

Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst with God's safe-sealing bowl;
Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou go
To th' only health; to be hydroptic so,
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be.
Be not concern'd; study not why nor when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to err, be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more business than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred;

And why shouldst thou, poor worm, consider more
When this world will grow better than before,
Than those thy fellow-worms do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection?
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack, whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in, then when she was in it;
She, that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She, to whose person paradise adhered,
As courts to princes; she, whose eyes ensphered
Star-light enough to have made the South control
—Had she been there—the star-full Northern Pole;
She, she is gone; she's gone; when thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.

Contemplation of our state in our death-bed.

Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight;
For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack,
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence;
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy physic; chide the slackness of the fit.
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee.
Think Satan's sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, to another give thy lust;
Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but because they go not yet thy way.
Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confess much in the world amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that
Which they from God and angels cover not.

l. 103. 1669, *trust*

Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They reinvest thee in white innocence.
Think that thy body rots, and—if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go—
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms, which insensibly devour their state.
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucy's night.
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsy, or slack, remember then that she,
She, whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no fear, no art could guess;
So far were all removed from more or less;
—But as in mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was, best;
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoint
And say, this is a line, or this a point;
So though the elements and humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there,
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the sun
Rather than her; and make a spirit fear
That he to disuniting subject were;
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they are unstable, circles, angular—

l. 140. 1633, *he too*

She who was such a chain as fate employs
To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys;
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think,
No accident could threaten any link;
She, she embraced a sickness, gave it meat,
The purest blood, and breath, that e'er it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heaven was content to suffer violence,
Yea though he plead a long possession too
—For they're in heaven on earth who heaven's works do—
Though he had right and power and place, before,
Yet death must usher, and unlock the door.

Incommodities of the soul in the body.

Think further on thyself, my soul, and think
How thou at first wast made but in a sink.
Think that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
My body, could, beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with original sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn, sullen anchorite,
Which fix'd to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit

Bedded and bathed in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our souls in their first-built cells.
Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie,
After, enabled but to suck, and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin;
And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee; Her liberty by death.
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty.
Think that a rusty piece, discharged, is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies; this to thy soul allow.
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now.
And think this slow-paced soul which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance, or thirty mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth; she stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' air's middle region be intense;
For th' element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live, and die;
Venus retards her not to inquire, how she
Can—being one star—Hesper and Vesper be;
He that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;

Who if she meet the body of the sun,
Goes through, not staying till his course be run;
Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
Nor is by Jove, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the firmament;
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her through those spheres, as through the beads a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing.
As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the soul doth death string heaven and earth;
For when our soul enjoys this her third birth
—Creation gave her one, a second, grace—
Heaven is as near and present to her face
As colours are and objects, in a room,
Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be
To advance these thoughts; remember then that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass
An age in her; she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body—if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she—
The western treasure, eastern spicery,

l. 214. 1650 omits *this*

Europe, and Afric, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
—And when we have made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this—
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assign'd one, both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limb;
She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; we understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say, her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone;
And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 'twere but little to have changed our room,
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st how thou at first camest in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;

Her ignorance in this life, and knowledge in the next.

Nor dost thou—though thou know'st that thou art so—
By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thyself, yea though thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our bodies wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
—For aught thou know'st—piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions which men raise
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things which for our use be?
We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact,
How others on our stage their parts did act,

What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said.
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies;
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to discern.
In heaven thou straight know'st all concerning it,
And what concerns it not shalt straight forget.
There thou—but in no other school—may'st be,
Perchance, as learned and as full as she;
She, who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more;
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would, or do, or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought or one action;
She, who in th' art of knowing heaven, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heaven she came
—In a far fairer print—but read the same;

l. 300. 1669, *shall*

She, she not satisfied with all this weight—
For so much knowledge as would over-freight
Another, did but ballast her—is gone,
As well to enjoy, as get perfection ;
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.

Of our company in this life, and in the next.

Return not, my soul, from this ecstasy
And meditation of what thou shalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? what station
Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spongy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them again?
Are there not some courts—and then, no things be
So like as courts—which in this let us see
That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill than these can speak?
The poison's gone through all ; poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements, will show ;
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear ;
Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men have said ;
Where she's exalted, more for being good
Than for her interest of motherhood ;

l. 315. 1669, *nor satisfied*

Up to those patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they've enjoy'd Him yet;
Up to those prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophecies grown to be history;
Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
All the sun's course, with more light than the sun;
Up to those martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oil to th' apostles' lamps, dew to their seed;
Up to those virgins, who thought that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should His temple give;
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees,
As to their number, to their dignities;
She, who being to herself a state, enjoy'd
All royalties which any state employ'd;
For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will;
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity together kiss.
She did high justice, for she crucified
Every first motion of rebellious pride.
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only herself except, she pardon'd all.
She coin'd, in this, that her impression gave
To all our actions all the worth they have.
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.

l. 366. 1635, *rebellion's*

As these prerogatives being met in one
Made her a sovereign state, religion
Made her a church; and these two made her all.
She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worse, by company, for she was still
More antidote than all the world was ill,
She, she doth leave it, and by death survive
All this, in heaven; whither who doth not strive
The more, because she's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in heaven do grow.

Of essential joy in this life, and in the next.

But pause, my soul, and study, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' essential.
Still, before accessories do abide
A trial, must the principal be tried.
And what essential joy canst thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
Beauty—and beauty worthiest is to move—?
Poor cozened cozener, that she, and that thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, changed since yesterday;
Next day repairs—but ill—last day's decay.
Nor are—although the river keep the name—
Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same.
So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now
That saint nor pilgrim, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
Constant, you're hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above

Without this honour, and then loved it so,
That He at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on Him, not that He needed it,
But that to His hands man might grow more fit.
But since all honours from inferiors flow,
—For they do give it ; princes do but show
Whom they would have so honour'd—and that this
On such opinions and capacities
Is built, as rise and fall to more and less ;
Alas ! 'tis but a casual happiness.
Hath ever any man to himself assigned
This or that happiness to arrest his mind,
But that another man which takes a worse,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course ?
They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,
Might have considered, that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow
Nor furnish forth materials enow ;
And that his centre, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base.
No more affords this world foundation
To erect true joy, were all the means in one ;
But as the heathen made them several gods
Of all God's benefits, and all His rods
—For as the wine, and corn, and onions are
Gods unto them, so agues be, and war—
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coins, they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust ;

So much mankind true happiness mistakes ;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again ;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference ; and be thou such,
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd.
—All will not serve ; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fullness can think it ;
For it is both the object and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither He
Can suffer diminution, nor we ;
'Tis such a full, and such a filling good,
Had th' angels once look'd on Him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before ;
She, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so
—Hearing and speaking to Him—as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree,
Better than when in images they be ;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first parents' fault, and not her own ;
Who, being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading His safe precontract ;
Who by a faithful confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there ;

Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day ;
Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray ;
Who, being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given ; she to heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here became unto us all
Joy—as our joys admit—essential.
But could this low world joys essential touch,
Heaven's accidental joys would pass them much.
How poor and lame must then our casual be ?
If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
My lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be less man.
When no physician of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous aposthume in thy breast ;
And whilst thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag, may rise up, and so strangle thee.
Whate'er was casual, may ever be.
What should the nature change ? or make the same
Certain, which was but casual, when it came ?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in heaven joy's strength is never spent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays,
For that soul ever joys and ever stays.
Joy that their last great consummation
Approaches in the resurrection,

Of accidental joys in both places.

When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be, than angels' were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that she,
She, in whose goodness he that names degree
Doth injure her—'tis loss to be called best
There, where the stuff is not such as the rest—
She, who left such a body, as even she
Only in heaven could learn how it can be
Made better; for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on both sides written rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong records for God as minds within;
She, who by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so;
Long'd for, and longing for 't, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives, and gives addition.

Conclusion.

Here, in a place where mis-devotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet;
And where what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at least the same;
Immortal maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content,
To take this, for my second year's true rent,
Did this coin bear any other stamp than His,
That gave thee power to do, me to say this.

Since His will is, that to posterity
Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is His.
Thou art the proclamation ; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 *Augusti*, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a mind so plain, and flat, and through-light as mine. Naturally, at a new author I doubt, and stick, and do not say quickly "Good." I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others, by how much my own things are worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself, as not to do it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Council forbids not

books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not something exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow anything of antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much, and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to find the same soul in an Emperor, in a Post-horse, and in a Macaron, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs works this. And therefore though this soul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served. And though it could not speak, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath

ever been her own, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when she was that apple which Eve eat, to this time when she is he,[1] whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE

PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

FIRST SONG.

I.

I SING the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom fate, which God made, but doth not control,
Placed in most shapes; all times, before the law
Yoked us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
And the great world to his aged evening
From infant morn, through manly noon, I draw.
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, is in this one;
A work to outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And—Holy Writ's excepted—made to yield to none.

[1] 1635, *She* (cf. *Note*).
l. 10. 1635, *Holy Writ*

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great soul envies not.
By thy male force is all we have begot ;
In the first east thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine ;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
That before thee one day began to be,
And thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long
outlive thee.

III.

Nor holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
The church, and all the monarchies did float!
That swimming college, and free hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls, and beasts, in whose womb, Destiny
Us and our latest nephews did install
—From thence are all derived, that fill this All—
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So divers shapes into that floating park,
As have been moved and inform'd by this heavenly
spark.

l. 13. So 1635 ; 1633, *begins*

IV.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For everything, who, where we off-spring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant. Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look
And show my story, in thy eternal book.
That—if my prayer be fit—I may understand
So much myself, as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal this my life's race is spann'd.

V.

To my six lusters almost now outwore,
Except thy book owe me so many more,
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let me save
Th' expense of brain and spirit, that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI.

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough
Itself; for I will through the wave and foam.
And shall in sad lone ways, a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy poem light, and light.
For though through many straits and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradise, and I sail towards home;
The course I there began shall here be stay'd,
Sails hoiséd there, struck here, and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigris and Euphrates
weigh'd.

VII.

For the great soul which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and
brow,
Which, as the moon the sea, moves us; to hear
Whose story with long patience you will long
—For 'tis the crown and last strain of my song—
This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh; this soul, which oft did tear
And mend the wracks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And lived when every great change did come,
Had first in Paradise a low, but fatal room.

l. 54. 1633, *And shall in sad love ways*
1635, *And hold in sad lone ways*

VIII.

Yet nor low room, nor than the greatest, less,
If—as devout and sharp men fitly guess—
That Cross, our joy, and grief—where nails did tie
That All, which always was all, everywhere;
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear;
Which could not die, yet could not choose but die—
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in security
This soul made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenced with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
That apple grew, which this soul did enlive
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and to her whom the first man did wive
—Whom and her race only forbiddings drive—
He gave it, she to her husband; both did eat;
So perished the eaters, and the meat;
And we—for treason taints the blood—thence die and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we're here slain o'er again
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, rivulets ;
No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks their nets ;
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners judges, 'twould seem rigorous ;
She sinned, we bear ; part of our pain is, thus
To love them whose fault to this painful love yoked us.

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so.
Would God—disputes the curious rebel—make
A law, and would not have it kept ? Or can
His creatures' will cross His ? Of every man
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take ?
Who sinn'd ? 'twas not forbidden to the snake
Nor her, who was not then made ; nor is 't writ
That Adam cropp'd, or knew the apple ; yet
The worm and she, and he, and we endure for it.

l. 94. So 1635 ; 1633, *corrupts*
l. 99. So 1635 ; 1633, *She sinned, we here*

XII.

But snatch me, heavenly spirit, from this vain
Reckoning their vanities ; less is their gain
Than hazard still, to meditate on ill,
Though with good mind ; their reason's like those toys
Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.
Arguing is heretics' game, and exercise
As wrestlers perfects them. Not liberties
Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end heresies.

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins, and tender conduit pipe,
Through which this soul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dares say he saw,
'Tis so soon gone—and better proof the law
Of sense than faith requires—swiftly she flew
To a dark and foggy plot ; her, her fates threw
There through th' earth-pores, and in a plant housed her anew.

l. 112. 1635, *vanitie*
l. 117. So 1635 ; 1633 omits *and*
l. 130. So 1635 ; 1633, 1669, *th' earth's pores*

XIV.

The plant thus abled to itself did force
A place, where no place was ; by nature's course,
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd so
His spongy confines gave him place to grow ;
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the Prince, and so fill up the way
That weasels scarce could pass, when she comes near
They throng and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatten'd were.

XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,
Westward his left ; th' ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings ; these fingers were ;
And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes upbear.
Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
To show that in love's business he should still
A dealer be, and be used well, or ill.
His apples kindle ; his leaves force of conception kill.

l. 137. So 1635 ; 1633, *Princess, and so filled*
l. 147. So 1635 ; 1633, *parts*
l. 150. So 1635 ; 1633, *kinde*

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears;
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs;
A young Colossus, there he stands upright;
And as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafy garland wears he on his head
Enchased with little fruits, so red and bright,
That for them you would call your love's lips white,
So, of a lone unhaunted place possess'd,
Did this soul's second inn, built by the guest,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve;
And she—with other purpose—kill'd it quite.
Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child the moist-red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light.
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might;
And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood.
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
But he's short-lived that with his death can do most good.

XVIII.

To an unfetter'd soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars and hearts' thoughts but slow-paced.
Thinner than burnt air flies this soul, and she
Whom four new coming and four parting suns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confined and enjail'd her, that seemed so free,
Into a small blue shell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclosed child kick'd, and pick'd itself a door.

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overspreads;
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him, and so feeds then
One that, within a month, will beat him from his hen.

l. 180. So 1635; 1633, *unclothed child*
l. 185. So 1635; 1633, *All downy a new mantle*

XX.

In this world's youth wise Nature did make haste,
Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last.
Already this hot cock in bush and tree
In field and tent o'erflutters his next hen;
He asks her not, who did so taste, nor when,
Nor if his sister or his niece she be;
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy
If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
The next that calls; both liberty do use.
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely choose.

XXI.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom less,
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress
Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not.
So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
The body, so free of his kindnesses,
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slackeneth so the soul's and body's knot,
Which temperance straightens; freely on his she friends,
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends;
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have lived ; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With feign'd calls, his nets, or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave.
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three, than straiten'd twenty years,
To live, and to increase his race himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The soul from her too active organs fled
To a brook ; a female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did pass ;
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soul inform'd, and abled it to row
Itself with finny oars, which she did fit.
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

l. 225. So 1635 ; 1633 omits *had*

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd.
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallow'd clear
This, and much such, and unblamed devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this soul in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the swan's digestive fire,
She left her house, the fish, and vapour'd forth.
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
To another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; for he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
And journeys with her towards the glassy deep,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with great windows—for when need first taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greediness to let
None 'scape, but few and fit for use to get—
As in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en,
Who, though himself distress'd, would fain have slain
This wretch ; so hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpass'd ;
Once innocence 'scaped, and left the oppressor fast.
The net through-swum, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breathe
And suck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills or limbecs hath
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but safe the place she's come unto
Where fresh with salt waves meet, and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or two.

l. 267. So 1635 ; 1633, *the wether*
l. 267. So 1639 ; 1633, *airlike*

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her guests, water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spied through this traitorous spectacle, from high,
The silly fish where it disputing lay,
And to end her doubts and her, bears her away.
Exalted she is, but to th' exalter's good ;
As are by great ones, men which lowly stood,
It's raised, to be the raiser's instrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish ?
Ill unto man they neither do nor wish ;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake ;
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away ;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make ;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon ;
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make fasts and Lents for their destruction.

l. 280. So 1635 ; 1633, *It raised*

XXX.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
To seaward forced this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttony's best orator; at last,
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
That, leagues o'erpast at sea, now tired he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languish'd, dies.
The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err,
The fish I follow, and keep no calendar
Of th' other; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embryon fish our soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness, as if unmanacled
From Greece Morea were, and that, by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swum;
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the hopeful promontory's head.
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, or, without sail
Hulling might—when this was a whelp—be like
this whale.

XXXII.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices, when the air they tear.
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof.
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea ; and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but, as an officer
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall,
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat sucks everything
That passeth near ; fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall.
Oh, might not states of more equality
Consist ? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,
must die ?

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks.
Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
And like a prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The sun hath twenty times both crab and goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat.
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest; there's no pause at perfection;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death—they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils, which thence outstreat—
Conspired against him; and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

l. 337. 1635, *his living boat*

XXXVI.

The flail-finn'd thresher, and steel-beak'd sword-fish
Only attempt to do what all do wish.
The thresher backs him, and to beat begins ;
The sluggard whale yields to oppression,
And to hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink ; the sword-fish upward spins,
And gores him with his beak ; his staff-like fins
So well the one, his sword the other plies,
That now a scoff, and prey, this tyrant dies,
And — his own dole — feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death ? or who will call
Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall ?
The heirs of slain kings, we see, are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obsequies forget ;
Nor will against such men the people go,
Because he's now dead to whom they should show
Love in that act ; some kings by vice being grown
So needy of subjects' love, that of their own
They think they lose, if love be to the dead prince shown.

XXXVIII.

This soul, now free from prison and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle. And having for her house
Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse
—As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy aught, do far more hate the great
Than they who good reposed estates possess—
This soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself
address.

XXXIX.

Nature's great masterpiece, an elephant,
The only harmless great thing, the giant
Of beasts, who thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just and thankful, loth to offend
—Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And foe to none, suspects no enemies—
Still sleeping stood ; vex'd not his fantasy
Black dreams ; like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

l. 383. So 1635 ; 1633, *who thought no more had gone, to make one wise*

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there. Like a whole town
Clean undermined, the slain beast tumbled down.
With him the murderer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape; for only he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better room;
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb.
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

Next, housed this soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the best midwife, nature, gave it help
To issue. It could kill, as soon as go.
Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were
—Who, in that trade of church and kingdoms there
Was the first type—was still infested so
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe;
And yet his bitch, his sentinel, attends
The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
That the wolf—hopeless else—to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a course, which since, successfully,
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots of foes.
To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could bark,
Attach'd her with straight grips; yet he call'd those
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she show
Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so
His prey, for, were she loose, she would nor bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engaged her; his, she wholly bides;
Who not her own, none others' secrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not;
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At last a trap, of which some everywhere
Abel had placed, ends all his loss and fear,
By the wolf's death; and now just time it was
That a quick soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of emperors you shall not
Read of a lust, the which may equal this.
This wolf begot himself, and finished
What he began alive, when he was dead;
Son to himself, and father too, he is
A riddling lust, for which schoolmen would miss
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister, being young, it used to sport and play.

XLV.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
And Abel—the dam dead—would use this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he lived, and cozen'd with his trade;
Then hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himself by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs, a wolf; from wolves, a dog he fled.
And, like a spy to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.

It quicken'd next a toyful ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia ;
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass ;
And wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the first that more desired to have
One than another ; first that e'er did crave
Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak ;
First that could make love faces, or could do
The vaulter's somersaults, or used to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his mistress merry, or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They easily do, that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty ; beauty they in boys and beasts do find.

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have proved,
And too high; beasts and angels have been loved.
This ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise,
He reached at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay.
His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries.
He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
And uplifts subtly with his russet paw
Her kidskin apron without fear or awe
Of nature; nature hath no gaol, though she hath law.

XLIX.

First she was silly and knew not what he meant.
That virtue, by his touches chafed and spent,
Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
And willing half, and more, more than half wroth,
She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
Now cries and now repents; when Thelemite,
Her brother, entered, and a great stone threw
After the ape, who, thus prevented, flew.
This house, thus batter'd down, the soul possess'd a new.

l. 480. 1639, *goal*
l. 484. So 1635; 1633, *now cares not*
l. 485. So 1635; 1633, *half Tooth*
l. 487. So 1635; 1633, *Tethelemite*

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next where th' ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chemic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it; and part did become
A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part hardened itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
Those sinewy strings, which do our bodies tie,
Are ravell'd out, and fast there by one end,
Did this soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend.
And now they join'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
To be a woman. Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Caïn, Cain that first did plough.

l. 503. 1669, *sinew strings*

LII.

Whoe'er thou beest that read'st this sullen writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts ; wonder with me,
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursèd Caïn's race invented be,
And blest Seth vex'd us with astronomy.
There's nothing simply good, nor ill alone ;
Of every quality Comparison
The only measure is, and judge, Opinion.

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

AWAY, thou changeling motley humourist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines, and here
Nature's secretary, the philosopher,
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild, uncertain thee?
First, swear by thy best love, here, in earnest
—If thou, which lovest all, canst love any best—

l. 1. So Harl., 1635; 1633, *fondling*
l. 6. 1669, *Is Nature's secretary*
l. 7. So 1635; 1633, Harl., *jolly statesmen*
l. 9. Harl., *chronicles*
l. 13. So 1635; Harl., 1633 om. *here*
l. 14. Harl., *can*

Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel-gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfumèd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin, or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me, or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery.
O monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refined manners, yet ceremonial man,
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Doth search, and like a needy broker prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
That will consort none, until thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own,
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company.
Why shouldst thou, that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust desire and love

l. 16. Harl., *do meet*
l. 20. Harl., *courtesies*
l. 23. Harl., *Shalt*
l. 25. Harl., *and worse*
l. 27. Harl., *monster*
l. 32. Harl., *dost vail*
l. 33. 1669, *till*

The nakedness and bareness to enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy,
Hate virtue, though she be naked and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And, till our souls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished.
Man's first blest state was naked; when by sin
He lost that, he was clothed but in beasts' skin:
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muses I confer.
But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent
These vanities and giddinesses, lo!
I shut my chamber door; and come, let's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn by as many several men in sin,
As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hose,
Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those;
Sooner may one guess who shall bear away
Th' infant of London, heir to an India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth heaven's scheme, tell certainly

l. 39. So Harl., 1633, *barrenness*
l. 45. Harl., *best*
l. 46. So 1635; Harl., 1633, *yet he was*
l. 47. Harl., *now I*
l. 53. Harl., *that hath*
l. 54. 1650, *Worn out*
l. 58. 1669, *The infantry of London, hence to India*
l. 60. So Harl., 1635; 1633, *heaven's scenes*

What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits next year
Our subtle-witted antic youths will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And so imprison'd, and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state high liberty.
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine, silken, painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
So to the most brave, stoops he nighest the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,
Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.

l. 62. Harl., *supple-witted;* 1669, *giddy-headed*
l. 63. Harl., *from hence*
l. 64. Harl., *Whither, why, where*
l. 68. Harl., *Unprovidently*
l. 70. Harl., *a little room*
l. 70. Harl., 1635, *his liberty*
l. 73. So 1635; 1633, *then to him*
l. 78. So Harl., 1635; 1633, *stoopt*

Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, 'Do you see
Yonder well-favoured youth?' 'Which?' 'O, 'tis he
That dances so divinely.' 'O,' said I,
'Stand still, must you dance here for company?'
He droop'd, we went, till one—which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well—
Met us; they talk'd; I whisper'd, 'Let us go,
'T may be you smell him not; truly I do.'
He hears not me, but, on the other side
A many-colour'd peacock having spied,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, 'Him whom I last left, all repute
For his device in handsoming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleat,
Of all the court to have the best conceit.'
'Our dull comedians want him, let him go;
But O, God strengthen thee, why stopp'st thou so?'
'Why!' 'Hath he travell'd long?' 'No.' 'But to me,
Which understand none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian,' I replied,
'So is the pox.' He answer'd not, but spied

l. 84. Harl., *Yea 'tis he*
l. 86. Harl., *dance too*
l. 95. So 1635; 1633, *S' all repute*
l. 97. Harl., *cut, print, or pleat*
l. 100. 1669, *stoop'st*
l. 101. 1669, *Why? he hath travelled long,*
l. 102. 1669, *understood*

More men of sort, of parts and qualities.
At last his love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhaled, he flings from me
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many were there ; he could command no more ;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled ; and turn'd out of door
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, though—I thank God for it—I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate toward them breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry indeed be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in ;

l. 108. So Harl., 1635 ; 1633, *to his liberty*
l. 109. 1650, *there were*
l. 3. Harl., has a double version—

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
there is one
All this town perfectly, yet in every state
In all ill things so excellently best
There are some found so villanously best.

l. 4. 1635, *toward . . . toward ;* 1669, *towards . . . towards*
l. 6. Harl., *I'm afraid brings dearths*

Though like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Riddlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out, yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One—like a wretch, which at bar judged as dead
Yet prompts him, which stands next and cannot read,
And saves his life—gives idiot actors means,
Starving himself, to live by his labour'd scenes.
As in some organ, puppets dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move,
One would move love by rhythms; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams and slings now are silly battery;
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spew,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To out-do ——, and out-usure Jews,

l. 8. Harl., *It riddlingly*
l. 17. Harl., *rimes*
l. 22. Harl., *boys singing at door*

To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the ——;
Who with sins of all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
School-men new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time—which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox—
Hath made a lawyer; which was, alas, of late
But scarce a poet; jollier of this state,
Than are new beneficed ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
His title of barrister on every wench,
And wooes in language of the pleas and bench.
'A motion, lady'—speak Coscus—'I have been
In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the Queen,
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got,
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed.'—Spare me.—'In Hilary term I went,
You said, if I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits.' Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a soft maid's ear,

l. 33. 1635, *the Litany*
l. 34. 1635, omits *of*
l. 40. Harl., *my great offence*
l. 43. 1635 omits *was*
l. 58. 1669, *maid's soft*

More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hoped; but men, which choose
Law-practice for mere gain, bold soul[s] repute
Worse than embrothell'd strumpets, prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman, he must walk
His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
The only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in everything,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores; lie to the grave judge, for
Bastardy 'bounds not in king's titles, nor
Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly, as the sea, he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand;
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins, as he.
For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff

l. 59. 1669, *scolding's*
l. 63. All edd., *soule*
l. 70. Harl., *yea, like a king*
ll. 69, 70, 74, 75. In 1633 these lines are represented by dashes. They are inserted in 1635.
l. 77. Harl., *our land* l. 79. Harl., *gluttony*

Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Relicly kept) perchance buys wedding-gear;
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as his fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge, that men, in our time's forwardness,
Are Fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not, nor for these written pays;
Therefore spares no length—as in those first days
When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
Short paternosters, saying as a friar
Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the Power and Glory clause.
But when he sells or changes land, he impairs
His writings, and, unwatch'd, leaves out, *ses heires*,
As slyly as any commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity,
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are those spread woods which clothed heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops, and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals

l. 84. Harl., *Relic-like kept* l. 84. 1669, *wedding-cheer*
l. 86. 1669, *maids*
l. 87. 1669, *the fields* l. 91. Harl., *these writings*
l. 105. So 1635; 1633, *Where's . . . great halls;* Harl., *In great halls*

Equally I hate. Mean's blest; in rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But oh, we allow
Good works, as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statute's jaws.

SATIRE III.

KIND pity chokes my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue, which swell my eyelids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, and be wise.
Can railing, then, cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our souls' devotion,
As virtue was in the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as earth's honour was to them? Alas,
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways, and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou darest, fear this;
This fear great courage and high valour is.

l. 107. So 1635; 1633 and Harl., *bless*
l. 112. So 1669; 1633, *statute laws*
l. 1. 1635, *checks;* 1669, *cheeks*
l. 2. Harl., *These*
l. 3. 1669, *but be wise*
l. 7. 1635, *to the first*
l. 7. Harl., *blind*

Darest thou aid mutinous Dutch; and darest thou lay
Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Darest thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries; and thrice
Colder than salamanders, like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not, 'Goddess!' to thy mistress, draw,
Or eat thy poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes, and his, who made thee to stand
Sentinel in his world's garrison, thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes; the foul devil, he whom thou
Strivest to please, for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other loved foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Dost love a wither'd and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh, itself's death, and joys which flesh can taste,

l. 17. Harl., omits *and*
l. 20. Harl., *dangers of the earth*
l. 31. Harl., *Soldier*
l. 32. So 1635; 1633, *forbidden*
l. 33. So 1635; 1633, *he's;* Harl., omits *he*
l. 40. So 1635; 1633, *itself death*

Thou lovest ; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.
Seek true religion, O where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhoused here and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome, there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago ;
And loves the rags so, as we here obey
The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
Crants to such brave loves will not be enthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva 's call'd
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandsome ; as among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
Graius stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws,
Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us, is only perfect, he
Embraceth her, whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender ; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good ; as one,
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in divers countries go

l. 47. So 1635 ; 1669, *He loves*
l. 49. 1669, *Grants* l. 53. Harl., *which judges*
l. 62. Harl., *Prigas* l. 64. Harl., *will marry*
l. 66. Harl., has *divers fashions*, and line 67 is written as an interlineation.

In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
So doth, so is religion ; and this blind-
Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forced but one allow ;
And the right. Ask thy father which is she ;
Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be busy to seek her ; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
To adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely ; in strange way,
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray ;
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must and about must go,
And what th' hill's suddenness resists, win so.
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do
Hard deeds, the body's pains ; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach ; and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found ; men do not stand
In so ill case, that God hath with His hand

l. 78. Harl., *stay* l. 79. Harl., *high*
l. 80. Harl., *Rugged*
l. 81. 1669, *and about it ;* Harl., *and about*
l. 82. Harl., *resist* l. 84. Harl., *mind*
l. 84. So 1633, 1669 ; 1635, *the night*
l. 90. Harl., *evil*

Signed kings blank-charters, to kill whom they hate;
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the last day? or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries
Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
That thou mayst rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Those past, her nature and name is changed; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, power is; those blest flowers, that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consumed in going, in the sea are lost.
So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power from God claim'd, than God Himself to trust.

l. 91. Harl., *blank charts*
l. 95. So 1635; 1633 omits *Or;* Harl., *Oh*
l. 95. Harl., *serve thee* l. 97. 1669, *taught me*
l. 101. 1669, *are changed*
l. 103. Harl., *which dwell* l. 104. Harl., *prove well*
l. 107. So 1635; 1633, *and rocks;* in Harl. *and* has been erased.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation and scant map of this.
My mind, nor with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glaze which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he 'scaped; so 't pleased my destiny—
Guilty of my sin in going—to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name;
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than strangers; one, who for a Dane,
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;

l. 2. So 1635; 1633 omits *yet* l. 8. 1635, *Glare*
l. 5. So 1635; 1633, 1650, *neither with*

One, whom the watch, at noon, lets scarce go by;
One, to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are.'
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black, though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now—so much ground was seen—
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law
Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
Me to bear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue, called compliment;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, 'God!
How have I sinn'd, that Thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me?' He saith, 'Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,

l. 43. 1669, *to hear this*

For the best linguist?' And I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
'Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir;' Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named. Here
He stopped me, and said; 'Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was;
Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, 'If you'd lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds, 'If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness.' I said, 'Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not taste
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts—though there be few
Better pictures of vice—teach me virtue.'
He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeak'd, 'O sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings.' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
And for his price doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk.

l. 59. 1669, *so Panurgus was* l. 61. 1669, *But travel*
l. 62. So 1635; 1633, *such words*
ll. 67, 68. So 1635; 1633, *loneliness*

Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's street.'
He smack'd and cried, 'He's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look—he follows me.'
'Certes they're neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.'
'Not so, sir, I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chafed him. But as itch
Scratched into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse; so I, fool, found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, 'What news?' I tell him of new plays.
He takes my hand, and as a still which stays
A semi-breve, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash. He knows; he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or smiled, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;

l. 84. So 1635; 1633, *Fine, as you see, I have but one Frenchman, look, he follows me*
l. 88. So 1669; 1633, *chaffed*
l. 92. So 1635; 1633, *address*

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport ; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier ; and wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spew, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more ; and as he'd undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came, to the loss of Amiens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathèd meat,
Ready to travail, so I sigh and sweat
To hear this Macaron talk. In vain ; for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He, like a privileged spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid ;
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd ;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day ; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes ;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I more amazed than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then

l. 109. So 1635 ; 1633, *tries me*
l. 111. So 1635 ; 1633, *and as if he undertook*

Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in, for hearing him I found
That as burnt venom lechers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free ; therefore I did show
All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come ; he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, 'Sir, can you spare me'—I said, 'Willingly' ;
'Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown'? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom ; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you ; so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown ; scant
His thanks were ended, when I—which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he—
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.

l. 134. So 1635 ; 1669, *venomous*

l. 136. 1633 omits the preceding two lines and the first half of this. They are supplied in 1635.

At home, in wholesome solitariness,
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me ; such men as he saw there,
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser ; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or raised men
Fear frowns? and, my mistress Truth, betray thee
To huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?
No, no ; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O sun, in all thy journey, vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it, from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten a-clock and past ; all whom the mews,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready that day, in flocks are found
In the presence, and aye—God pardon me—
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be

l. 156. So 1635 ; 1633, *precious*
l. 159. So 1635 ; 1633, *on me*
l. 164. 1669, *To the huffing braggart, puff'd nobility*
l. 171. So 1635 ; 1633, *our presence*
l. 178. 1635, *were found*

The fields they sold to buy them. 'For a king
Those hose are,' cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Meseems they do as well
At stage as court; all are players; whoe'er looks
—For themselves dare not go—o'er Cheapside books
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now,
The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
The men board them; and praise, as they think, well
Their beauties; they, the men's wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause; These men men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
He called her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net;
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a mosque; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess, not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate;
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thighs?
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety

l. 182. 1635, *his flatterers;* 1669, *cries the flatterer.*

As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into th' Inquisition ;
And whispers ' By Jesu ! ' so often, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague ; they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme, only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion ;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he rusheth in, as if ' Arm, arm ! '
He came to cry ; and though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe,
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Tired now I leave this place, and, but pleased so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go through the great chamber—why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins ?—being among
Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Cross for a bar, men that do know

l. 215. So 1635 ; 1633, *whispered*
l. 222. So 1635 ; 1633 omits *or*
l. 223. So 1635 ; 1633 omits the second *he*
l. 224. 1650, *rushes*

No token of worth but 'Queen's man,' and fine
Living, barrels of beef, flagons of wine,
I shook like a spied spy. Preachers, which are
Seas of wits and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place, for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away. Although I yet
With Machabee's modesty the known merit
Of my work lessen; yet some wise man shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

THOU shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers—he being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?—
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theme
Charity and liberty give me. What is he,
Who officers' rage and suitors' misery
Can write and jest? If all things be in all
—As I think, since all which were, are, and shall

l. 236. 1669, *Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine*
l. 240. So 1635; 1633, *a scarce brook*
l. 241. So 1635; 1633, *Though*
l. 9. 1669, *in jest*

Be, be made of the same elements,
Each thing each thing implies or represents—
Then man is a world ; in which officers
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suitors
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them run ; these self reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring stomach, and suitors
Th' excrements which they void. All men are dust ;
How much worse are suitors, who to men's lust
Are made preys? O, worse than dust or worms' meat,
For they do eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are
The wind which drives them ; and a wasteful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way ;
Like wittols, th' issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest empress, know you this?
Alas, no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'er-flow.
You, sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid, authorized now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.
O age of rusty iron !—some better wit
Call it some worse name, if aught equal it—

l. 12. So 1635 ; 1633, *employs*

Th' iron age that was, when justice was sold—now
Injustice is sold dearer—did allow
All claimed fees and duties. Gamesters, anon,
The money which you sweat and swear for is gone
Into other hands. So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
If law be in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
Flows from the first main head, and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters. But if the injury
Steel thee to dare complain; alas, thou goest
Against the stream, upwards, when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou shouldst complain, will in thy way
Become great seas, o'er which, when thou shalt be
Forced to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like; only who have, may have more.

ll. 37-39. So 1635; 1633, 1669,

The iron age that (1669 omits *that*) *was when justice was sold, now*
Injustice is sold dearer far; allow
All demands, fees (1669, *claim'd fees*), *and duties; gamesters, anon*

l. 52. So 1635; 1633, *the way*

Judges are gods; he who made and said them so,
Meant not men should be forced to them to go,
By means of angels. When supplications
We send to God; to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoic, a coward, yea a martyr,
To see a pursuivant come in, and call
All his clothes copes, books primers, and all
His plate chalices, and mis-take them away,
And lack a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair Law's white reverend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts; she is established
Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she
Speaks Fate's words, and but tells us who must be
Rich, who poor; who in chairs, who in gaols.
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which she scratcheth suitors; in bodies
Of men, so in law, nails are extremities.
So officers stretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why barest thou to yon officer? Fool! hath he
Got those goods, for which erst men bared to thee?
Fool! twice, thrice thou hast bought wrong, and now hungrily

l. 57. 1669, *and he who made them so*
l. 61. So 1635; 1633, *court*
l. 68. 1669, *ask*

Beg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
Thou hadst much, and laws Urim and Thummim try
Thou wouldst for more ; and for all hast paper
Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Then Hammon if he sold his antiquities.
O wretch, that thy fortunes should moralize
Esop's fables, and make tales prophecies.
Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows cozened,
And divest, near drowning, for what vanished.

SATIRE VI.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw 't express'd as 'tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,
But, thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free ;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it show
By matching her as she would match her foe ;
And wouldst persuade her to a worse offence,
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou mayst vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex

l. 87. So 1635 ; 1633, *Haman when* ; 1669, *Hammon when*
l. 90. 1669, *cozeneth* l. 91. 1669, *vanisheth*

Shun her, she needs must change; I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that 'must' to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Urged with his threats she'd scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst thou have this to choose thee, being free?
Go, then, and punish some soon-gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou mayst one like this meet;
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet,
Let her see she hath cause, and, to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow I'll warrant her
She'll thee before her first husband prefer,
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
She'll love thee so! for then thou hadst been dead.
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgraced.
Yet pause awhile; and thou mayst live to see
A time to come, wherein she may beg thee.
If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing she'll allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine.

l. 17. So Hazlewood-Kingsborough MS.; 1635, *Dry'd*

For, though thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue, as cause above effect can be;
'Tis virtue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

SATIRE VII.

TO SIR NICHOLAS SMYTH.

Sleep, next society and true friendship,
Man's best contentment, doth securely slip
His passions, and the world's troubles; rock me,
O sleep, wean'd from my dear friend's company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
Where poor men lie, for kings asleep do fear.
Here sleep's house by famous Ariosto,
By silver-tongued Ovid, and many moe
—Perhaps by golden-mouthed Spenser too, pardie—
Which builded was some dozen stories high,
I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
As sleep awaked by rats from thence was gotten;
And I will build no new, for by my will
Thy father's house shall be the fairest still
In Exeter. Yet, methinks, for all their wit,
Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
Without it there is no sense; only in this
Sleep is unlike a long parenthesis.
Not to save charges, but would I had slept
The time I spent in London, when I kept

l. 4. So St. MS.; 1669, *thy*

Fighting and untruss'd gallants' company,
In which Natta, the new knight, seized on me,
And offered me th' experience he had bought
With great expense. I found him thoroughly taught
In curing burns. His thing had had more scars
Than T—— himself; like Epps it often wars,
And still is hurt. For his body and state
The physic and counsel—which came too late
'Gainst whores and dice—he now on me bestows;
Most superficially he speaks of those.
I found by him, least sound, him who most knows.
He swears well, speaks ill, but best of clothes,
What fits summer, what winter, what the spring.
He had living, but now these ways come in
His whole revenues. Where his whore now dwells,
And hath dwelt, since his father's death, he tells.
Yea, he tells most cunningly each hid cause
Why whores forsake their bawds. To these, some laws
He knows of the duel, and touch his skill
The least jot in that or these, he quarrel will,
Though sober, but ne'er fought. I know
What made his valour undubb'd windmill go,
Within a pint at most; yet for all this
—Which is most strange—Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want
Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Illiberal arts forenamed, no vicar knows
Nor other captain less than he; his schools
Are ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,

l. 39. So St. MS.; 1669, *and on his skill*

Or are for being there ; his best books, plays,
Where, meeting godly scenes, perhaps he prays.
His first set prayer was for his father, ill
And sick—that he might die ; that had, until
The lands were gone he troubled God no more,
And then ask'd him but his right—that the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him ; she spent,
They left each other on even terms ; she went
To Bridewell, he unto the wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a lieutenant
He is become ; where, as they pass apace,
He steps aside, and for his captain's place
He prays again—tells God he will confess
His sins ; swear, drink, dice, and whore thenceforth less,
On this condition, that his captain die
And he succeed ; but his prayer did not. They
Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now
Than his captain ; all men wonder, few know how ;
Can he rob? 'No.' Cheat? 'No.' Or doth he spend
His own? 'No ; Fidus, he is thy dear friend ;
That keeps him up.' I would thou wert thine own,
Or hadst as good a friend as thou art one.
No present want, nor future hope made me
Desire, as once I did, thy friend to be ;
But he had cruelly possess'd thee then,
And as our neighbours, the Low-Country men,

l. 53. So St. MS. ; 1669, *father's ill*

Being—whilst they were loyal, with tyranny
Oppress'd—broke loose, have since refused to be
Subject to good kings, I found even so,
Wert thou well rid of him, thou'dst have no moe.
Couldst thou but choose, as well as love, to none
Thou shouldst be second. Turtle and Damon
Should give thee place in songs, and lovers sick
Should make thee only love's hieroglyphic.
Thy impress should be the loving elm and vine,
Where now an ancient oak with ivy twine.
Destroy'd thy symbol is! O dire mischance!
And O vile verse! And yet our Abraham Fraunce
Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
Must pardon me; satires bite when they kiss.
But as for Natta, we have since fallen out;
Here on his knees he pray'd; else we had fought.
And because God would not he should be winner,
Nor yet would have the death of such a sinner,
At his seeking our quarrel is deferr'd.
I'll leave him at his prayers, and, as I heard,
His last; and, Fidus, you and I do know
I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
And would be either yet; but he dares be
Neither yet; sleep blots him out and takes in thee.
The mind, you know, is like a table-book;
The old unwiped, new writing never took.
Hear how the ushers' checks, cupboard and fire,
I pass'd—by which degrees young men aspire
In court. And how that idle and she state
—When as my judgment cleared—my soul did hate;

How I found there—if that my trifling pen
Durst take so hard a task—kings were but men,
And by their place more noted, if they err;
How they and their lords unworthy men prefer;
And, as unthrifts, had rather give away
Great sums to flatterers, than small debts pay.
So they their greatness hide, and greatness show,
By giving them that which to worth they owe.
What treason is, and what did Essex kill,
Not true treason, but treason handled ill;
And which of them stood for their country's good,
Or what might be the cause of so much blood;
He said she stunk; and men might not have said
That she was old before that she was dead.
His case was hard to do or suffer; loth
To do, he made it harder, and did both.
Too much preparing lost them all their lives;
Like some in plagues kill with preservatives.
Friends, like land soldiers in a storm at sea,
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world, where was their wit?
Cuffe's putting on a sword might have told it.
And princes must fear favourites more than foes,
For still beyond revenge ambition goes.
How since her death with sumpter-horse that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy tenth reading (dear Nick), good-night.

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two, by themselves, each other, love and fear,
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have join'd here.

NIOBE.

By children's births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drowned.

FALL OF A WALL.

Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall
A too-bold captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envied,
That had a town for tomb, his bones to hide.

l. 4. 1635, *towre for tomb*

A LAME BEGGAR.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand, or move; if he say true, he lies.

A SELF-ACCUSER.

Your mistress, that you follow whores, still taxeth you;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it, though 't be true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For, as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

ANTIQUARY.

If in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

DISINHERITED.

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,
Only in this, that you both painted be.

l. 1. 1650, *like to thee*

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

Philo with twelve years' study hath been grieved
To be understood; when will he be believed?

[KLOCKIUS.]

Klockius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdy house, that he dares not go home.

RADERUS.

Why this man gelded Martial I muse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Katherine, for the court's sake, put down stews.

l. 1. 1669, *I amuse*

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Esop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is ; and I
Like Esop's self, which nothing. I confess
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less.
Thy credit lost thy credit. 'Tis sin to do,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all. Change thy name ; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.

[RALPHIUS.]

Compassion in the world again is bred ;
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

NOTES.

VERSE LETTERS.

ALL these letters are from the edition of 1633, with the exception of those to Sir Thomas Rowe (p. 65), Lady Huntingdon (p. 48), Dr. Andrews (p. 66), and Ben Jonson (p. 64), which were added in 1635. As to the date of them, the *Storm* and *Calm* were written as early as 1597; most of the rest seem to belong to the period of Donne's absence from town at Pyrford, Peckham and Mitcham, and then in France and Belgium, during 1601-1612. Many of them are to London friends or to members of Lady Bedford's Twickenham circle. More exact dates can be given to a few; viz. those to Sir T. Rowe (p. 65) and to Ben Jonson (p. 64) in 1603, that to Sir Henry Wotton (p. 41) in 1604, that to Sir Henry Goodyere (p. 10) in 1606-10, that to Lady Bedford (p. 60) in 1609-10, that to Sir Edward Herbert (p. 20) in 1610-12, those to Lady Bedford (p. 53) and to Lady Carey and Mistress Essex Rich (p. 54) in 1611-12, and that to Lady Salisbury (p. 57) in 1614.

p. 1. THE STORM.

The full dedication is given in 1635. In 1633 it is simply *To Mr Christopher Brooke.*

Mr. Christopher Brooke. In the Stephens MS. the heading is *To Sir Basil Brooke.* See page 37, note.

Christopher Brooke was a son of Robert Brooke, of

York, and brother of Dr. Samuel Brooke (cf. p. 36, note). He married Maria Jacobs in 1619, and died Feb. 7, 1628. Together with his brother he was imprisoned for his share in abetting Donne's marriage, of which he was a witness. In his will, where he is described as "of Lincoln's Inn," he bequeathed to Donne his "picture of the Lady Elizabeth, her grace the Countess of Southampton, my lady Anne Wallop, and my Lady Isabella Smith." His few surviving *Poems* have been edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart in the *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library* (vol. iv. 1872).

The Island Voyage. Donne accompanied Essex on his two expeditions of 1596 and 1597. In the first the English fleet under Essex and Lord Admiral Howard took Cadiz. The second, that known as the Island Voyage, was to the Azores, with the intent of capturing the Spanish Plate fleet, on its return from the West Indies. It was unsuccessful, chiefly owing to dissensions between Essex and Raleigh.

l. 4. *Hilyard.* Nicholas Hilyard or Hilliard, born at Exeter in 1547, was a disciple of Holbein, and famous as a miniature painter. He was a favourite at court, both under Elizabeth and James I. There is a miniature of Elizabeth by him in the National Portrait Gallery. He engraved the Great Seal of England in 1587, and also wrote a treatise on miniature painting. He died in 1619.

This passage is quoted in the Printer's preface to the *Poems* of 1633 (vol. i, p. xlvi).

l. 24. Cf. *Richard II.*, Act I. Scenes iii., iv., where Gaunt, Surrey, and Aumerle accompany the banished Bolingbroke a short distance on his journey.

l. 66. *the Bermudas calm.* In May 1609, a fleet of nine ships bound, under Sir George Somers, for Virginia was wrecked, and one of the ships driven on to the Bermudas, known from this event as the Somers or Summer Islands. An account of the misfortune was published by Sylvester Jourdan in 1610, and impressed the English literary imagination. Cf. the "still-vexed Bermoothes" of the *Tempest*, and Marvell's poem on the Bermudas exiles. But this allusion of Donne's shews that the unenviable reputation of these islands was of earlier date.

l. 72. *another fiat.* Cf. *Genesis* i. 3, "And God said, Let there be light (in the Vulgate, *Fiat lux*), and there was light."

p. 4. The Calm.

l. 17. Cf. Jonson's *Conversations with William Drummond* (ed. Laing, p. 3), "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things; his verses of the lost Chaine he hath by heart, and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers doe not stirr, all was so quiet.*"

l. 23. *the calenture.* A delirious fever, often accompanied by visions, and due to exposure to great heat.

l. 33. *Bajazet encaged, the shepherds' scoff.* In Act IV. Sc. ii. of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, Part I., Bajazeth, the conquered Emperor of the Turks, is brought on to the scene in a cage, and exulted over by Tamburlaine, the Scythian shepherd, and his followers.

l. 36. *ants . . . th' emperor's loved snake.* An allusion to Suetonius, *Vita Tiberii*, ch. 72: "Erat ei in oblectamentis serpens draco, quem ex consuetudine manu sua cibaturus, cum consumptum a formicis invenisset, monitus est ut vim multitudinis caveret."

p. 7. To Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton was a younger son of Thomas Wotton of Bocton Malherbe, and was born in 1568. He was educated at Winchester and at New College and Queen's College, Oxford, where he wrote his tragedy, now lost, of *Tancred.* Most of his life was spent in foreign travel and diplomacy, and the close of it as Provost of Eton College, where he died in 1639. Some poems by him were published with other writings in the *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (1651), and are printed in Dr. Hannah's *Courtly Poets.* Walton wrote his Life, and speaks thus (1651) of his friendship with Donne—

"I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun betwixt him and Dr. Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's; a man of whose abilities I shall forbear to say anything, because he who is of this nation, and pretends to learning or ingenuity, and is ignorant of Dr. Donne, deserves not to know him. The friendship of

these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented; and as it was begun in their youth, and in a university, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation."

l. 8. *remoras.* Cf. Bartholomew Anglicus, *De Proprietatibus Rerum* (transl. Trevisa), Book xiii., *Of the Remora*, "Enchirius is a little fish unneth half a foot long: for though he be full little of body, nathless he is most of virtue. For he cleaveth to the ship, and holdeth it still stedfastly in the sea, as though the ship were on ground therein. Though winds blow, and waves arise strongly, and wood storms, that ship may not move nother pass. And that fish holdeth not still the ship by no craft, but only cleaving to the ship."

l. 46. *Utopian youth grown old Italian.* Cf. the proverb *Inglesa italianato è un diavolo incarnato*, and note the only use of "Utopian" exactly in its modern sense of "idealist."

l. 59. *Galenist.* Claudius Galenus was a famous Greek physician and writer of the second century A.D. In the medical polemics of the seventeenth century, the "Galenists" were the old-fashioned doctors who adhered to the traditional formulae for prescribing drugs, as against the "Chemists," who gave them in an extract or quintessence.

l. 70. *you have* DONNE. This seems to fix the proper pronunciation of the poet's name. Similar puns are frequent. See *e. g.* Epigram 97 in John Davies of Hereford's *Scourge of Folly* (1611), "To the no less ingenious than ingenuous Mr. John Dun": also the lines quoted in the note to the Goodyere-Donne poem (p. 287).

p. 10. TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

The date of this poem is fixed by the reference to Mitcham. Donne was living there from 1606 to 1610.

Sir Henry Goodyere, of Polesworth, in the Forest of Arden, was a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to James the First. He was the son of William Goodyere, of Monks Kirby, and married Frances, daughter and coheiress of his uncle, also a Sir Henry Goodyere, thus

succeeding to the Polesworth estate. The elder Sir Henry Goodyere, who had suffered for the support he gave to Mary, Queen of Scots, died March 4th, 159$\frac{4}{5}$. The younger was knighted in 1599, and spent his life in an endeavour to restore the failing fortunes of his house. He died March 18th, 162$\frac{7}{8}$. The following epitaph is found in various MSS., and is printed in Camden's *Remains*.

> "An ill year of a Goodyere us bereft,
> Who gone to God much lack of him here left;
> Full of good gifts of body and of mind,
> Wise, comely, learned, eloquent and kind."

Walton speaks of Goodyere as an intimate friend of Donne's, and several letters from the poet to him were printed in the same volume as the *Poems*, and in the *Letters to Several Persons of Honour*. See Appendix B. for a verse-letter which appears to have been written by the two friends in common. There is another poem by Goodyere in Addl. MS. 25,707, and others in the Record Office (*Cal. of State Papers, Dom. James I.*, vols. cxv., cxlv., cliii., clxxx.). I am indebted for much of this information to a note by Mr. G. F. Warner, in Mr. Bright's Roxburghe Club edition of Digby's *Poems*, and to F. C. Cass, *The Parish of Monken Hadley*, pp. 145—152. Mr. Warner ascribes to Goodyere, on the strength of a copy in his handwriting, the lines, "Shall I like a hermit dwell," which were printed as Raleigh's in the *London Magazine* for August, 1734 (cf. Hannah, *Courtly Poets*, p. 82). Goodyere has also verses in *Coryat's Crudities* (1611), and in the Third Edition of Sylvester's *Lachrymae Lachrymarum* (1613). In a curious paper, catalogued in *State Papers, Dom. James I.*, vol. lxvi. p. 2, he appears as a guest with Donne at a *Convivium Philosophicum*. There is another copy of this in the Bodleian. Goodyere may be the H. G. who has verses in Michael Drayton's *Matilda* (1594), and to whom his *Odes* (1606) were dedicated. Drayton was brought up at Polesworth, and his Idea was Anne Goodyere, Sir Henry's cousin and sister-in-law, who married Sir Henry Rainsford, of Clifford Chambers, in Gloucestershire.

l. 34. *your hawks' praise.* In an undated letter to

Goodyere (Alford, vi. 433), Donne says, "God send you hawks and fortunes of a high pitch." Ben Jonson also has an Epigram (No. lxxxv) to him, in which he alludes to a hawking party at Polesworth.

p. 12. TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

Very little appears to be known of Rowland Woodward: see page 38, note. Dr. Grosart suggests that the T. W.' of two later letters (pp. 33, 34), and possibly the A. W. of the *Poetical Rhapsody*, may belong to this same family.

p. 15. TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Lucy Harrington, elder daughter of the first Lord Harrington of Exton, married, in 1595, Edward Russell, third Earl of Bedford. Her house at Twickenham appears to have been the centre of a witty and poetic circle, including Donne, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Samuel Daniel, Mrs. Bulstrode, and Sir Henry Goodyere. Verses upon her will be found in the works of the poets named. She was herself a woman of considerable and varied learning. In a letter from Donne to her, he speaks of some verses which she "did him the honour to see in Twickenham garden" (Alford, vi. 303). Apparently, therefore, she was an authoress also.

l. 27. *A mithridate.* An antidote, so called from Mithridates VI., King of Pontus, who took elaborate precautions against poison.

p. 17. TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

l. 70. *Twickenham.* See note to the poem entitled *Twickenham Garden* in vol. i. p. 29.

p. 20. TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT, NOW LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, BEING AT THE SIEGE OF JULIERS.

The full heading is given in 1635. In 1633 it is only *To Sir Edward Herbert, at Juliers.*

The siege of Juliers began in 1610. Sir Edward Herbert

claimed to have been the first man to enter the town. He was, like his mother (vol. i. pp. 117, 156, notes) and brother (vol. i. p. 214, note), a friend of Donne's (cf. notes to *Good Friday*, vol. i. p. 172, and to the *Elegy on Prince Henry*, vol. ii. p. 72). Born 1583, he became a soldier and writer of some distinction. He was created Baron Herbert of Cherbury in 1629, and died in 1648. His chief works are the *De Veritate* (1624), the *Occasional Verses* (1665, ed. Churton Collins, 1881), the *Life of Henry VIII.* (1647), and the *Autobiography* (first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764, and edited by Mr. Sidney Lee in 1886).

p. 22. TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

l. 13. *Peter, Jove's . . . Paul . . . Dian's.* St. Peter's at Rome is said to have been built on the site of a temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and St. Paul's in London on that of a temple and grove of Diana.

l. 67. *We've added to the world Virginia, and sent*
Two new stars lately to the firmament.

Expeditions were sent to effect the re-colonization of Virginia in 1607 and 1609 (cf. vol. i. p. 133, note); the two stars may be Lady Markham (ob. May 4, 1609) and Mrs. Boulstred (ob. Aug. 4, 1609). This would give 1609-10 as the date of the letter.

p. 29. TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Lady Huntingdon was by birth Elizabeth Stanley, daughter of Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, and wife of Henry Hastings, fifth Earl of Huntingdon. She was married in 1603, and died in 1633. There is an epitaph upon her by Henry Carey, Viscount Falkland. In 1600 her mother married as her second husband the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton (p. 96, note). Lady Derby was a daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, and a kinswoman of the poet Spenser. She is celebrated as a girl in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, and in her old age, Milton's *Arcades* was performed for her amusement. It seems to me probable that Lady Huntingdon is the

subject of the following passage of a letter from Donne to Sir H. Goodyere (Alford, vi. 407). The "other countess" is obviously Lady Bedford. The letter was written during Donne's residence at Peckham in 1605-6.

"For the other part of your letter, spent in the praise of the countess, I am always very apt to believe it of her, and can never believe it so well, and so reasonably, as now, when it is averred by you; but for the expressing it to her, in that sort as you seem to counsel, I have these two reasons to decline it. That that knowledge which she hath of me was in the beginning of a graver course, than of a poet, into which (that I may also keep my dignity) I would not seem to relapse. The Spanish proverb informs me, that he is a fool which cannot make one sonnet, and he is mad which makes two. The other stronger reason, is my integrity to the other countess, of whose worthiness though I swallowed your opinion at first upon your words, yet I have had since an explicit faith, and now a knowledge: and for her delight (since she descends to them) I had reserved not only all the verses, which I should make, but all the thoughts of women's worthiness. But because I hope she will not disdain, that I should write well of her picture, I have obeyed you thus so far, as to write: but entreat you by your friendship, that by this occasion of versifying, I be not traduced, nor esteemed light in that tribe, and that house where I have lived. If those reasons which moved you to bid me write be not constant in you still, or if you meant not that I should write verses: or if these verses be too bad, or too good, over or under her understanding, and not fit; I pray receive them, as a companion and supplement of this letter to you."

l. 28. *Elixir-like.* Cf. vol. i. p. 41, note.

p. 32. To M[r]. I. W.

It is tempting to think this written to Izaak Walton, but could he be spoken of as Donne's master in poetry? His poetical remains, which are but slight, have been printed by R. H. Shepherd in *Waltoniana* (1878). Singer's conjecture that he was really the author of *Thealma and Clearchus* (1683), which he professed to

edit from the papers of a deceased friend, has been discredited, since the John Chalkhill of the title-page has been proved to have actually lived. But it is worth noting that Walton is spoken of in very similar terms to those of this poem by S[amuel] P[age], who dedicates to him his *Amos and Laura* (1619) :

To my approved and much respected Iz. Wa.

" If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
And disavow my title to the verse ;
But being bad, I needs must call them mine,
No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse."

l. 20. *Surquedry*, arrogance.
l. 30. *zany*. An imitator, generally an ineffective or burlesque imitator.

p. 33. To M[r]. T. W.

I cannot identify the T. W. of this poem and the next.

p. 35. Incerto.

So headed in the 1635 Poems. In those of 1633 and in Addl. MS. 18,647, it forms part of the preceding poem, To M[r]. T. W. In T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 102, it is a separate poem, and is headed *To Mr. T. W.* In Harl. MS. 4955 it is headed *An Old Letter.*

p. 35. To M[r]. C[hristopher] B[rooke].

The allusion to Donne's wife in l. 3 gives a date for this letter after his marriage at the end of 1601.

p. 36. To M[r]. S[amuel] B[rooke].

Samuel Brooke was a son of Robert Brooke of York and a brother of Christopher Brooke. He was imprisoned for officiating at Donne's marriage in 1601. Subsequently he became a D.D., and President of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a disciple of Abp. Laud, and wrote several theological works. Two Latin plays

of his, *Adelphe* and *Sciros*, were acted before Prince Charles at Trinity, on March 3, 1613, and exist in MS.; a third, *Melanthe*, acted before the King on March 10, 1615, was printed. A poem by him *On Tears* is in Hannah's *Courtly Poets* (p. 112).

p. 37. To M[R]. B. B.

Dr. Grosart identifies these initials with those of Mr., afterwards Sir, Basil Brooke. He was not a brother of Christopher and Samuel, but a son of John Brooke of Madeley, Shropshire, and grandson of Sir Robert Brook, Chief Justice of England. He was born 1576, educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, knighted in 1604, and sent to the Tower by the House of Commons in 1644.

If Dr. Grosart is right, the date of the letter will be before 1604, when Brooke became Sir Basil.

p. 38. To M[R]. R[OWLAND] W[OODWARD].

l. 3. *Morpheus . . . his brother.* "Icelus or Phobetor, the giver of the dream-shapes of other animals, as Morpheus was of those of men."

l. 23. *these Spanish businesses.* Dr. Grosart quotes a letter of Rowland Woodward's to Mr. Secretary Windebank, concerning the proposed marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta of Spain, from Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa* (1781). Intrigues for an alliance between England and Spain began after the death of Cecil in 1612, and therefore 1613-1614 may be about the date of this letter.

p. 39. To M[R]. I. L.

There are two short sets of Latin verses signed J. L. in the Farmer-Chetham MS. (ed. Grosart, pp. 163-4). They accompany some others signed Thomas Lawrence.

p. 40. To M[R]. I. P.

In Addl. MS. 18,647, and in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 107, the initials are J. L., as in the preceding poem. There are some verses signed I. P. before Sir John Beaumont's *Metamorphosis of Tobacco*. I am not sure,

however, that I. L. is not right. In any case both these poems were written to some friend or friends in the north of England.

p. 41. TO SIR HENRY WOTTON, AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

This was in 1604. Walton prints these verses, not in the 1651, but in the 1670 edition of his *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*, with the following introduction—

"And though his dear friend Dr. Donne, then a private gentleman, was not one of the number that did personally accompany him in this voyage, yet the reading of this following letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton the morning before he left England, may testify he wanted not his friend's best wishes to attend him."

p. 43. TO M[RS]. M[AGDALEN] H[ERBERT].

This letter may perhaps be addressed to Donne's friend, Lady Herbert, on whom see the notes to vol. i. pp. 117, 156.

p. 48. TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

First printed in 1635. In T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 508, it is ascribed to Sir Walter Aston.

l. 92. *your zanies.* Cf. p. 32, note.

p. 53. TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Begun in France. This letter and the following were doubtless written in 1611-12, when Donne was travelling with Sir Robert Drury through France to Frankfort. Cf. vol. i. pp. 16, 51, 139, with notes.

p. 54. A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY AND MISTRESS ESSEX RICH, FROM AMIENS.

Probably written in 1611-12. The two ladies addressed were daughters of Robert, third Lord Rich, by Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Essex, the Stella

of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. Lettice Rich married, firstly, Sir George Carey, of Cockington, Devon; secondly, Sir Arthur Lake. Essex Rich married Sir Thomas Cheeke, of Pirgo, Essex.

p. 57. TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, AUGUST 1614.

Lady Salisbury, wife of William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, was by birth Catharine Howard, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk. She was married Dec. 1, 1608.

l. 72. *In a dark cave.* An allusion to the "myth of the cave" in Plato's *Republic*, Book vii.

p. 60. TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

So headed in 1635. The heading in 1633 is simply *Elegy*. In 1669, it is *To the Countess of Bedford.*

This letter appears to me to refer to the death of Mrs. Boulstred, and therefore to belong to the date 1609-10.

l. 7. *Twins, though their birth Cusco and Musco take, i. e.* "twins by nature and friendship, though one were born at Moscow, the other at Cuzco, in Peru." In Lodge's romance *A Margarite of America* (1596), Arsadachus, son and heir to the Emperor of Cusco, woos Margarita, daughter to the King of Musco.

p. 64. TO BEN JONSON, 9 NOVEMBRIS, 1603.

First published in 1635.

There are three poems on or to Donne in Ben Jonson's *Epigrams* (see vol. i. p. lii, note), and several critical remarks on him in the *Conversations with William Drummond* (ed. Laing, Shakespeare Society). It has been thought that there was some jealousy between the two poets, and that the allusion to the Countess of Bedford's "better verser" in Jonson's *Epistle to the Countess of Rutland*, is a hit at Donne. Probably, however, Daniel is the "verser" referred to.

p. 65. To Sir Thomas Rowe, 1603.

First published in 1635.

Rowe was not Sir Thomas when this poem was written. He was a man of considerable distinction, the son of Robert Rowe, or Roe, a London merchant, and grandson of Sir Thomas Roe, Lord Mayor of London, born 1581, matriculated at Magdalen College 1593, knighted 1605, sent as an ambassador to the Great Mogul in 1614, made Chancellor of the Garter in 1621, and died in 1644. *Epigram* 98 in Jonson's volume of 1616 is to him, and there are others in the same collection to his uncles, Sir John Roe and William Roe. His collections of coins and Greek and Oriental MSS. are in the Bodleian. A volume of *Negotiations* by him was published in 1740.

p. 66. De Libro cum mutuaretur . . . Doctissimoque Amicissimoque v. D. D. Andrews.

First published in 1635.

The letters v. D. D. may perhaps be interpreted as v[iro] D[edit] D[edicavit]; or v[iro] D[edit] D[onne].

The friend, who borrowed a book of Donne, took it to Frankfort, let his children destroy it, and then replaced it by a manuscript copy, appears from line 11 to have been a doctor of medicine. Dr. Grosart thinks he was the author of some unpublished verses to which the name Dr. Andrews is affixed in Harl. MS. 4955. This Andrewes appears to have been one Francis Andrewes, and intimate with the Cavendishes, Ogles, and other great houses. One of his poems is dated Aug. 14, 1629.

l. 3. *Sequana*, the Seine; *Moenus*, the Maine.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

BOTH of these appeared in the 1650 edition. Their dates are respectively 1611 and 1607.

p. 68. UPON MR. THOMAS CORYATE'S CRUDITIES.

First added to the *Poems* at the end of the Funeral Elegies, in 1650.

Thomas Coryate, son of the Rev. George Coryate of Odcombe in Somerset, born *circ.* 1577, was a sort of buffoon at James the First's court. In 1608 he started on a tour through France, Italy, and Germany, and covered 1975 miles, mostly on foot. He determined to publish his diary, and applied to wits and poets for commendatory verses. Most of these proved to be burlesque. They were edited to the number of about 60 by Ben Jonson, and published with the Diary as *Coryat's Crudities* in 1611. The commendatory verses were reprinted by themselves, in the same year as *The Odcombian Banquet.*

For other probable contributions by Donne to this collection, see Appendix B.

l. 22. *Münster.* Sebastian Münster (1489-1552), a German Reformer, author of the *Cosmographia* (1544), a standard treatise on geography.

Gesner. Konrad von Gesner, of Zurich (1516-1565), author of the *Historia Animalium* (1551-1558).

l. 23. *Gallo-Belgicus.* Cf. p. 212, note.

l. 26. *Prester Jack*, or Prester John, the mythical

king of a Christian country believed from the twelfth to the fourteenth century to exist in Central Asia, and afterwards in Abyssinia.

l. 50. *Pandect.* The *Pandectae* or *Digesta* is the elaborate code of Roman common law, compiled from the decisions and opinions of *jurisconsulti*, under the superintendence of the Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century A.D.

l. 56. *Portescue's.* One would expect to find this the name of some keeper of a gambling-house. Dr. Grosart, however, says, "The Portescue, Portague, or Portuguese was the great crusado of that country, worth £3 12*s*," and quotes from Harrington, *On Playe*—

"Where lords and great men have been disposed to play deep play, and not having money about them, have cut cards instead of counters, with asseverance (on their honours) to pay for every piece of card so lost a *portegue*." But if this is the explanation, should not the text be "*for* Portescues"?

l. 71. *Sibyl's.* Cf. vol. i. p. 30, note.

p. 71. AMICISSIMO ET MERITISSIMO BEN JONSON.

In Volponem. Ben Jonson's play of *Volpone, or the Fox*, was published in 1607. It had been acted by the King's men in 1605. Donne's verses appeared in the 1607 quarto. They were not included in his *Poems* until the edition of 1650.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES.

ALL these Funeral Elegies were published in 1633 except the second one on Mrs. Boulstred (p. 92), the *Elegy* (p. 101), and the lines *On Himself* (p. 100), which were added in 1635. The following death-dates fix approximately those of the Elegies referring to them—

Lady Markham	died	May 4, 1609.
Mrs. Boulstred	,,	August 4, 1609.
Prince Henry	,,	Nov. 6, 1612.
Lord Harrington	,,	Feb. 27, 1614.
Sir Thomas Egerton	,,	March 23, 1617.
Marquis Hamilton	,,	March 22, 1625.

All are therefore of comparatively late date, and have much in common with the Divine Poems.

p. 72. ELEGY UPON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

So the title is given in 1613; in 1669 it is *An Elegy . . . etc.*, in 1633-1650 simply *Elegy on Prince Henry.*

Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James the First, was born in 1594, and died November 6, 1612, of typhoid fever. He was immensely popular in England, and Donne's is only one of a large number of elegies which were poured forth at his death. A list of them is given in Nichols' *Progresses of James I.*, pp. 504—512. See also Hazlitt's *Handbook* and *Collections.*

Donne's elegy was printed in "*Lachrymae Lachrymarum, or The Spirit of Tears distilled from the untimely*

Death of the Incomparable Prince Panaretus. By Joshua Sylvester. The Third Edition, with Additions of His Owne and Elegies. 1613. Printed by Humphrey Lownes." Sylvester's poem is followed by a separate title-page, *Sundry Funeral Elegies . . . Composed by several Authors;* and this by an address, signed H[umphrey] L[ownes], R.S.; "To the Several Authors of these surrepted Elegies," which serves as an apology for the unauthorized publication. The authors of the elegies are G[eorge] G[arrard], Sir P. O., Mr. Holland, Mr. Donne, Sir William Cornwallis, Sir Edward Herbert, Sir Henry Goodyere, and Henry Burton. The volume also contains verses by Joseph Hall. Most of these writers belonged to Donne's immediate circle of friends. Ben Jonson said to Drummond (*Conversations*, ed. Laing, p. 8), "That Done said to him that he wrote that epitaph on Prince Henry, 'Look to me, Faith' to match Sir Ed. Herbert in obscureness." Herbert's Elegy was reprinted in his *Occasional Verses* (1665).

p. 77. OBSEQUIES OF THE LORD HARRINGTON, BROTHER TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

John, second Lord Harrington of Exton, and brother of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, was born in 1592. He was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and became an intimate friend of Henry, Prince of Wales. He appears to have been a young man of high character and promise. While travelling in France and Italy with his tutor Mr. Tovey, he was poisoned, either through accident or design, and died at Kew on Feb. 27, 1614, a few months after the death of his father. Two funeral sermons upon him exist, one by Richard Stock, *The Church's Lamentation for the loss of the Godly* (1614); another by T. P. of Sidney Sussex College, with an epitaph, and with two Elegies by Sir Thomas Roe and Francis Hering, M.D. There is also a volume called *Sorrow's Lenitive*, by Abraham Jackson. A character of Lord Harrington may be found in Henry Harrington's *Nugae Antiquae*, vol. ii. (ed. Park, 1804).

l. 250. *French soldarii.* Cf. Caes. *De Bello Gallico*,

iii. 22. The word is properly *soldurii*, *Siloduri*, or *Siloduni*.

l. 252. Plutarch (*Vita Alex.*, ch. 72) tells how, as a sacrifice at his friend Hephaestion's death, Alexander made an expedition against the Cossaeans, and destroyed them root and branch.

l. 256. *I do inter my Muse.* Cf. the letter from Donne to Sir Henry Goodyere, quoted in the *Bibliographical Note* (vol. i. p. xxxvii). As a matter of fact, Donne wrote many Divine poems after he took orders in 1614. I cannot, however, identify any secular poem, except the letter to Lady Salisbury (p. 57), as being possibly later in date than this on Lord Harrington. *A Hymn to the Saints and to Marquis Hamilton* appeared in the seventeenth-century editions as a Divine poem.

p. 86. ELEGY ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

Bridget, wife of Sir Anthony Markham, of Sedgebrook, Notts, was the daughter of Sir James Harrington, younger brother of the first Lord Harrington of Exton: she was therefore first cousin to Lucy, Countess of Bedford. She died at Lady Bedford's house at Twickenham on May 4, 1609 (*Parish Registers*). Her monument is in Twickenham Church. There is another Elegy upon her by Francis Beaumont (*Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, ed. Dyce, xi. 503).

l. 12. *Gods "No"*: cf. Genesis viii. 20 to ix. 17.

l. 21. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, ii. v. § 7, where this belief is discussed and disproved.

l. 23. *limbec.* Cf. vol. i. p. 46.

l. 28. *th' elixir.* Cf. vol. i. p. 41.

p. 89. ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

Cecil Bulstrode, daughter of Edward Bulstrode of Hedgerley Bulstrode, Bucks, was baptized at Beaconsfield, Feb. 12, 1583-4. She died at the house of her kinswoman, Lady Bedford, at Twickenham on August 4, 1609. This we learn from the *Liber Famelicus* of Sir James Whitelocke, who married her sister Elizabeth (ed. Camden Society), and it is confirmed by the following

entry in the Twickenham Registers: "Mris Boulstred, out of the parke, was buried ye 6th of August, 1609." Whitelocke also states that she was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne. Further information about her is due to Ben Jonson, who read to Drummond (*Conversations*, ed. Laing, p. 7) "Verses on the Pucelle of the Court, Mistress Boulstred, whose Epitaph Donne made." Of these verses he said (p. 38): "That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drowsy, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure." The verses in question are among Ben Jonson's *Underwoods* (No. lxviii. ed. Cunningham); they are certainly not complimentary, and differ markedly in tone from these Elegies of Donne's. There are, however, some verses signed B. J. in the Farmer-Chetham MS. (ed. Grosart, p. 190), which read like a palinode. They are also found, unsigned, in Addl. MS. 33,998, f. 33, and in Harl. MSS. 6057, f. 33; 4064, f. 261, from the latter of which I quote them.

Epitaph.

Stay, view this stone, and if thou be'st not such,
Read here a little that thou mayst know much.
It covers first a virgin, and then one
Who durst be so in court; a virtue alone
To fill an epitaph. But she had more:
She might have claimed to have made the Graces four,
Taught Pallas language, Cynthia modesty;
As fit to have increased the harmony
Of spheres as light of stars: she was earth's eye,
The sole religious house and votary,
Not bound by rites but conscience; wouldst thou all,
She was still Boulstrod, in which name I call
Up so much truth, as could I but pursue
Might make the fable of good women true.

One is tempted to solve the contradiction by supposing that the heroine of this Epitaph and of Donne's Elegies was Cecil Bulstrode, and the "Court Pucelle" her sister Dorothy Bulstrode, also a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne, who afterwards married Sir George Eyre; but Ben Jonson's express identification of the Pucelle

with "Mistress Boulstred, whose Epitaph Donne made," is almost fatal to this. I hardly like to venture a further theory that Donne is the author of the manuscript Epitaph in spite of the initials in the Farmer-Chetham MS. It is much in his style, and none of the Elegies in his *Poems* is strictly an Epitaph. And if Jonson had written a laudatory epitaph, why did he not mention it to Drummond? On the other hand, Jonson equally gives the name "Epitaph" to Donne's Elegy on Prince Henry. It is worth noting that in Harl. MS. 4064, the Epitaph follows Donne's Elegy "Death, I recant," and is itself followed by "Another," also anonymous, which begins "Methinks, Death like one laughing lies." This is by Sir Edward Herbert, and is found in his *Occasional Verses* (1665), with the heading *Epitaph Caecil Boulser quae post languescentem morbum non sine inquietudine spiritus et conscientiae obiit.* It is dated July 1609. Mr. Churton Collins, in his edition of Herbert's Poems, misprints the name as *Caecil-Boulfer.* The following account of Mrs. Bulstrode's illness is from an undated letter of Donne's to Sir Henry Goodyere (Alford, vi. p. 434)—

"So these two have escaped this great danger; but (by my troth) I fear earnestly that Mistress Bolstrod will not escape that sickness in which she labours at this time. I sent this morning to ask of her passage of this night; and the return is, that she is as I left her yesternight, and then by the strength of her understanding, and voice (proportionally to her fashion which was ever remiss), by the evenness and life of her pulse, and by her temper, I could allow her long life, and impute all her sickness to her mind. But the History of her sickness makes me justly fear, that she will scarce last so long, as that you when you receive this letter, may do her any good office, in praying for her; for she hath not for many days received so much as a preserved barbery, but it returns, and all accompanied with a fever, the mother, and an extreme ill spleen."

l. 20. *hierarchy.* Cf. vol. i. p. 120, note.

p. 92. ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

This additional Elegy, also dating doubtless from 1609, was first published in 1635.

It has been suggested that Mrs. Boulstred may have been the object of some of Donne's early love-verse. This is unlikely, as there is no proof of his acquaintance with her except as a member of Lady Bedford's circle, some years after his marriage. She was probably a kinswoman of his benefactor, Sir Robert Drury, as a branch of the Drurys who lived at Hedgerley were allied to the Bulstrodes.

p. 93. DEATH.

This is printed among the *Elegies* in the seventeenth-century editions, but it seems to belong more properly to the present section. In the Stephens MS., the Harvey MS., and T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 62, it has some such heading as *Upon Mrs. Boulstred;* if this is right, the date will be that of the two preceding poems, 1609-10.

l. 10. *the fifth and greatest monarchy:* cf. Daniel ii. 31-45.

l. 52. *that order, whence most fell.* The Seraphim, highest and nearest to God of the nine orders (vol. i. p. 120, note).

l. 58. *a Lemnia.* Probably the reference is to the *terra Lemnia*, or red earth of Lemnos, used as an antidote and anti-septic.

p. 96. ELEGY ON THE L. C.

The initials L. C. may not improbably stand for L[ord] C[hancellor]. If so, the date of the poem will be as late as 1617, for on March 23 of that year died Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, Viscount Brackley, Lord Chancellor, and, until a month before his death, Lord High Keeper. Donne had been his secretary from 1596 to 1601, and had married his wife's niece, Anne More. But the initials may also represent other names, *e. g.* L[ord] C[handos]. William Bridges, fourth Lord Chandos, died November 18, 1602.

l. 19. *if he could have foes.* If Egerton is intended, he had a bitter foe in Sir James Whitelocke. See his *Liber Famelicus* (Camden Society).

p. 98. A Hymn to the Saints and to Marquis Hamilton.

This appears among the Divine Poems in all the seventeenth-century editions.

The Marquis Hamilton died March 26, 1625. He was born in 1589, and succeeded his father as second marquis in 1604. He filled various high offices under James I., and was spoken of as a husband for the Princess Elizabeth. In 1619 he was made Earl of Cambridge in the English peerage.

To Sir Robert Carr. Many of Donne's prose letters are addressed to this gentleman, who must be distinguished from the Earl of Somerset (vol. i. p. 88, note). Like his namesake he was a Scotchman and a courtier; he was created Earl of Ancrum in 1633. A version of some Psalms in English verse, by his hand, is among the Hawthornden MSS.

This letter to Carr is printed in Rebecca Warner's *Epistolary Curiosities*, from a copy endorsed by Sir Henry Herbert, *Miserum est ab iis laedi de quibus non possis quaeri.* The editor suggests that this points to Hamilton as the "malicious whisperer" who told King James, soon after Donne was appointed to St. Paul's in 1621, that the Dean was preaching against his ecclesiastical tendencies. Some of Donne's letters contain allusions to his being in disfavour at court, but this identification is rather far-fetched.

l. 14. *The household . . . the garter.* Hamilton was made Lord Steward of the Household on Feb. 28, 1624, and created a Knight of the Garter on April 15, 1623.

p. 100. On Himself.

This poem and the next appear to be only two versions of the same Elegy. Both are given in all the seventeenth-century editions except that of 1633. In 1635—1654, however, the shorter version appears among the Divine Poems, the longer among the Funeral Elegies.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE *Anatomy of the World* was Donne's first, almost his only, published poem. No entry of it is to be found in the Stationers' Registers, but in 1611 the first edition, containing the *First Anniversary* only, together with the *Funeral Elegy*, was "printed for Samuel Macham." Only two copies of this edition are known to exist. The *Second Anniversary* was added, with a separate title-page, to the second edition, "printed by M. Bradwood for S. Macham" of 1612. All three poems were again reprinted in 1621 "by A. Mathewes for Tho. Dewe," and in 1625 "by W. Stansby for Tho. Dewe," as well as in the 1633 and later editions of the *Poems*.

I regret that I have only been able to consult the editions of 1621 and 1625 in preparing this volume. That of 1625 has a curiously decorated border to the title-pages; it consists of a series of vignettes, representing feminine virtues and graces. I gather from a communication, signed T. R. O'Fl., in *Notes and Queries*, 8th S. i. 440, that a similar border appears in the 1611 edition.

Elizabeth Drury was the only surviving daughter of Sir Robert Drury of Hawsted in Suffolk, and of his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and sister of Francis Bacon. She is said to have been the intended bride of Prince Henry, but in 1610, at the age of 15, she died. On her monument in Hawsted Church and in a portrait she is represented as dressed in white, her head leaning upon her hand. This has given rise to a legend that her death was due to a box on the ear from her father. Local tradition has it that the inscriptions upon

her monument and that of her father, who died in 1615, are from Donne's pen. The latter contains the following lines to the memory of Elizabeth's sister Dorothy, who died in childhood—

"She little promised much,
Too soon untied.
She only dreamt she lived,
And then she died."

Cf. Cullum, *History and Antiquities of Hawsted.*

I suppose that the Funeral Elegy is really the first part of the poem. It was presumably written in 1610, and the two *Anniversaries* in 1611 and 1612 respectively. It appears from the passages from Donne's letters quoted below that he never saw Elizabeth Drury. Perhaps Sir Robert Drury's attention was called to Donne by the Elegies on his kinswoman Mrs. Boulstred (cf. p. 92, note). In any case he became his chief patron, took him abroad in Nov. 1611 (vol. i. p. 51, note), and gave him the use of a house near Drury Lane until his own death in 1615.

Dr. Grosart notices an allusion to Donne's *Anatomy* in John Davies of Hereford's *Funeral Elegy on Mrs. Dutton*, printed in his *The Muse's Sacrifice* (1612). Elizabeth Dutton, who died in 1611, was the eldest daughter of Donne's former chief, Sir Thomas Egerton. The lines are perhaps worth quoting—

"I must confess a priest of Phœbus late
Upon like text so well did meditate,
That with a sinless envy I do run
In his Soul's Progress, till it all be DONNE.
But he hath got the start in setting forth
Before me, in the travel of that worth:
And me out-gone in knowledge every way
Of the Soul's Progress to her final stay.
But his sweet Saint did usher mine therein,
Most blest in that—so, he must needs begin,
And read upon the rude Anatomy
Of this dead World, that now doth putrify.
Yet greater will to this great enterprise—
Which in great matters nobly doth suffice—

He cannot bring than I; nor can—much less—
Renown more worth than is a Worthiness!
Such were they both; for such a worthy Pair
Of lovely virtuous maids, as good as fair,
Self-Worthiness can scarce produce, sith they
Lived like celestial spirits, immured in clay.
And if all-powerful Love can all perform,
That in it hath rare matter, or like form,
Then should my lines have both so accomplishèd,
As from the grave to Heaven should draw the dead;
Or with her taper-pointed-beaming name
Nail her to Heaven, and in Heaven clench the same."

There are also interesting references to the poem in Donne's own correspondence. The first is in a letter to Mr. G[eorge] G[arrard], which is dated Paris, April 14, 1612 (Alford, vi. 353).

"Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledge in myself, is to have descended to print anything in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times, by men who profess and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself. But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could; for, since I never saw the gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truths; but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her or any other in rhyme, except I took such a person as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those ladies think that Mistress Drewry was not so, let that lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers."

Donne writes in almost precisely similar terms to an unnamed correspondent (Alford, vi. p. 338), while to Sir G. F. (Alford, vi. p. 333) he says—

"I hear from England of many censures of my book, of Mris Drury; if any of those censures do but pardon me my descent in printing any thing in verse, (which if they do, they are more charitable than myself; for I do not pardon myself, but confess that I did it against my conscience, that is, against my own opinion, that I should not have done so), I doubt not but they will soon give over that other part of that indictment which is that I

have said so much; for nobody can imagine, that I who never saw her, could have any other purpose in that, than that when I had received so very good testimony of her worthiness, and was gone down to print verses, it became me to say, not what I was sure was just truth, but the best that I could conceive; for that had been a new weakness in me, to have praised anybody in printed verses, that had not been capable of the best praise that I could give."

There is also an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Conversations with William Drummond* (1618-19, ed. Laing, p. 3).

"That Done's Anniversarie was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Done, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was. That Done, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging."

The marginal analysis disappears after 1633. It is given in the text as it stands in 1621.

p. 102. TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

This poem is evidently written, not by Donne, but to Donne. I suppose that Jonson's remark on the Harbinger (see note to *The Harbinger to the Progress*, p. 125) refers to this also, and that the writer is Joseph Hall.

p. 104. AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD. THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

l. 115. *Stag . . . raven.* Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. 9.

l. 180. *The poisonous tincture*, the stain of original sin. For the use of "tincture," cf. vol. i. p. 169, note.

l. 260. *New stars.* In 1604 a bright new star appeared in Ophiuchus, and remained visible for a few months before it disappeared.

l. 311. *that ancient*, i.e. Pythagoras.

l. 343. *a compassionate turquoise.* The turquoise was

supposed to vary in hue according to the health of its owner. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*, Act I. Sc. i.—

> "And true as torquoise in the dear lord's ring,
> Look well or ill with him."

p. 121. A FUNERAL ELEGY.

l. 41. *the Afric Niger.* "A peculiarity generally given to the Nile; and here perhaps not spoken of our Niger, but of the Nile before it is so called, when, according to Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* v. 9), after having twice been underground, and the second time for twenty days' journey, it issues at the spring Nigris."

l. 67. Cf. *The First Anniversary*, l. 260, note.

p. 125. OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

This title serves to connect the poem with Donne's earlier satire *Progress of the Soul* of 1601 (see p. 148). This is unfinished, and possibly Donne meant to conclude it with some such sketch of an ideal woman as he is here attempting.

p. 125. THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESS.

Ben Jonson said to Drummond in 1619 (*Conversations*, ed. Laing), "Joseph Hall the harbinger to Done's Anniversarie." This was the famous Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, the sermon-writer and the antagonist of Milton. His only other poetical work is the *Virgidemiarum* or *Toothless Satires* (1597-8).

p. 127. THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

l. 120. *a Saint Lucy's night;* cf. vol. i. p. 45, note.

l. 127. *mithridate;* cf. p. 15, l. 27, note.

l. 162. Donne has the Aristotelian conception of a series of grades or stages of spiritual development, the ζώη αἰσθητικὴ, or life of sense, absorbed by the ζώη κινητικὴ, or life of motion, and this in its turn by the still higher life of reason.

l. 242. *electrum:* not, of course, amber, but a compound of gold and silver.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE date of this satiric poem, which appeared in the 1633 edition, is given in the heading to the Epistle as Aug. 16, 1601.

Ben Jonson made the following remark about it to Drummond (*Conversations*, ed. Laing)—

"The conceit of Done's Transformation, or Μετεμψύχωσις, was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman: his general purposes was to have brought in all the bodies of the Heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. Of this he never wrote but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highly, and seeketh to destroy all his poems."

p. 146. EPISTLE.

I my picture: The *Progress* is printed at the beginning of the quarto of 1633, which may possibly have been issued with some copies of Marshall's portrait of 1591 (cf. vol. i. p. 110, note). Donne's Epistle must, however, have been written in view of some intended earlier publication; but the poem was never finished. In 1635 the *Progress* was removed to another part of the book, but the *Epistle* was allowed in error to remain at the beginning. This was noted by the publisher in an Erratum, and corrected in 1639.

a Macaron. A Maceron, Makeron, or Macaroon was

a term in common use in the seventeenth and still more in the eighteenth century, for a fop, and especially one whose manners and speech were marked by foreign influences. In the same way "macaronic" verse is a medley of various languages. (See the specimen from *Coryat's Crudities* in Appendix B.) The derivation appears to be either from the Italian food *macaroni*, as we might speak of a frog-eater, or from *maccarone* or *maccherone*, a fool.

when she is he. So 1633, but the later editions have *when she is she.* Addl. MS. 18,647, f. 93, supports the 1633 version. It is not clear from Ben Jonson's statement whether the final state of the soul was to be Calvin or a woman. Probably it was to transcend the woman in the later books. Stanza vii. looks as if Donne meant a compliment to Elizabeth.

p. 148. FIRST SONG.

l. 21. *holy Janus*, here identified with Noah.

l. 160. *mandrake.* Cf. vol. i. p. 4, note.

l. 266. *limbecs.* Cf. vol. i. p. 45, note.

l. 439. *Moaba.* I do not know where Donne got or whether he invented this name, together with the Siphatecia of l. 457, the Thelemite of l. 487, and the Themech of l. 509.

l. 465. *The vaulter's somersaults.* Dr. Grosart quotes Ben Jonson's description of Hedon from *Cynthia's Revels*, Act II. Sc. i.—"He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole or half the pommado [vaulting the great horse] in a seven-night before."

l. 466. *hoiting*, rioting; expressing noisy mirth.

l. 520. Cf. Elegy xviii.

SATIRES.

SATIRES i. to v. appeared in 1633, Satire vi. in 1635, and Satire vii. in 1669. They are all amongst Donne's earliest work, and amongst the earliest Satires written in the English language. The first three are fixed by the dated Harl. MS. 5110 of them in the British Museum as not later than 1593; the fourth is dated in the Hawthornden MS., 1594, but appears from internal evidence to belong to 1597: similar evidence makes it probable that the fifth belongs to 1602-3, and that the sixth is subsequent to Elizabeth's death on March 24, 1603.

The exceptional roughness of rhythm—even for Donne—in these Satires, is perhaps due to the influence of the style of Persius. Freeman compares Donne to Persius in the lines already quoted in the Bibliographical Note.

p. 175. SATIRE I.

l. 1. *humourist*, according to Ben Jonson's favourite sense of *humour* for "type of character," and here especially in the deprecating sense of "coxcomb," "fribble."

l. 80. *the wise politic horse.* This is the performing horse, Morocco, exhibited by the Scotchman, or Shropshire man, Banks, to which there are countless allusions in the literature of the period. A large collection of them will be found in Mr. Halliwell-Philipps' *Memoranda on Love's Labour Lost.* Only one of these allusions is, however, earlier than 1593. It is in 1591, and refers not to an exhibition in London, but in the provinces, and not to Morocco, which was a bay, but to a white horse. It is probable therefore that by 1591 Banks had not yet

come to London, and if so the date, 1593, on the Harl. MS. 5110 of Donne's *Satires*, cannot be far from that of their composition.

p. 180. SATIRE II.

This, with Satire iv., is in the Hawthornden MS. It is headed "after C.B. [? Christopher Brooke's] coppie."

l. 40. *Coscus.* Dr. Grosart thinks that Donne is satirising Sir John Davies, who is apparently the author of some mock-serious *Gulling Sonnets*, printed in the Farmer-Chetham MS. (vol. i. p. 76). These sonnets are couched in legal terminology, and Dr. Grosart says that Donne must have taken them—really a parody of *Zepheria*—as serious.

p. 190. SATIRE IV.

In the Hawthornden MS. this Satire is dated 1594. This is, however, probably an error of the copyist. In Ashm. MS. 38, f. 40, it is headed *A Satire against the Court, written by Doct. Dun in Queen Elizabeth's reign.* The true date appears to be 1597; cf. l. 114, note.

l. 10. *the hundred marks, which is the statute's curse.* A statute passed in 1580 prescribed a penalty of an hundred marks for being present at mass, two hundred for officiating.

l. 18. Cf. vol. i. p. 151, note.

l. 48. *Jovius . . . Surius.* Paolo Giovio, an Italian historian, published amongst other writings, *Historiarum sui temporis Libri XLV.* in 1550-2. "Ses oeuvres," says the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, "sont pleines des mensonges dont profita sa cupidité." Laurent Surius (1522-1578) was a German ecclesiastical historian. His chief work was a *Vitae Sanctorum* (1570—). He was accused, it would appear unfairly, by Protestant writers, of inventing legends.

l. 54. *Calepine.* Ambroise Calepine (1455-1511), author of a Polyglot Dictionary (1502), which was subsequently enlarged by himself and others. The fullest edition (Basle, 1590) is in eleven tongues.

l. 55. *Beza.* Theodore Beza (1519-1605), a learned Calvinist theologian. He translated the New Testament

into Latin, and wrote an *Histoire Ecclesiastique des Eglises Reformées de France* (1580).

l. 59. *Panurge.* A character in Rabelais' *History of Gargantua and Pantagruel.*

l. 70. *Aretine.* Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), a witty and licentious Italian poet. The pictures referred to are sixteen obscene designs by Giulio Romano, engraved by Raimondi, for which Aretino wrote sixteen *Sonnetti lussuriosi.*

l. 75. *the man that keeps the Abbey tombs.* Cf. Sir John Davies, *Epigram* 30, *On Dacus*—

> "He first taught him that keeps the monuments
> At Westminster his formal tale to say."

l. 106. *span-counter . . . blow-point.* Two childish games, described by Strutt.

l. 112. *Gallo-Belgicus.* Cf. p. 212, note.

l. 114. *since the Spaniards came*, in the Armada (1588).

the loss of Amiens. Amiens was captured by the Spaniards in March 1597, and recovered by Henry IV. in September 1597. Probably this Satire falls between the two dates.

l. 117. *Macaron.* Cf. p. 144, note.

l. 126. *the pirates . . . and Dunkirkers.* Dunkirk was a resort of Buccaneers (Grosart).

l. 197. *Heraclitus*, known as the "weeping philosopher," from his habitual gravity.

l. 204. *Dürer's rules.* Albrecht Dürer's *Treatise on Proportion* was published posthumously in 1528.

l. 233. *Ascaparts.* Ascapart is a giant thirty feet high, who figures in the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. See Michael Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Bk. ii.

l. 242. *Machabee's modesty.* Cf. 2 Maccabees xv. 38: "And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I have desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

p. 199. SATIRE V.

The date may be 1602-3; cf. note to l. 85.

l. 2. An allusion to *Il Corteggiano* of Count Baldassar Castiglione (Grosart).

l. 42. *Angelica.* In the first book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the heroine, Angelica, makes her escape while Rinaldo and Ferrau are fighting for her.

l. 54. *golden bridges.* An euphemism for money paid to an adversary, to secure an advantage, by giving him an excuse to retreat.

l. 60. Cf. vol. i. p. 120, note.

l. 85. *the great Carrick.* A Carrick is a merchant-ship. The allusion appears to fix the date of the Satire to 1602-3. From 1596, the price of pepper had been high. In 1601 the East India Company sent out Captain James Lancaster, who presently sent back two ships laden with pepper and spices taken from a Portuguese "carrick." The allusion to Elizabeth in l. 28 shows that the date is before her death.

l. 87. *Hammon.*

See note to Epigram on *Antiquary* (p. 211).

p. 203. SATIRE VI.

First printed in 1635. In 1669 it is Satire vii. It is headed in Harl. 4955, "To Sir Nicholas Smith."

p. 205. SATIRE VII, TO SIR NICHOLAS SMYTH.

First printed as Satire vi. in 1669. The dedication is taken from the Stephens MS., and explains the "dear Nick" of l. 134. In the Hazlewood-Kingsborough MS. the heading is *Satire 9th to Sir Nicho. Smith*, 1602: but l. 131 fixes the date as later than the death of Elizabeth on March 24, 1603. The Satire is ascribed in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 18, to J[ohn] R[oe]. A Nicholas Smith has a set of verses in *Coryat's Crudities* (1611).

l. 26. *Epps.* A brave soldier, who died twice shot and twice run through the body at the siege of Ostend, which began in 1601. Cf. Dekker, *Knights Conjuring*, ch. viii. (Grosart).

l. 88. *Abraham Fraunce*, was born in Shropshire, went in 1575 to St. John's College, Cambridge, and

lived until at least 1633. He was a member of the poetical circle of Sydney and Spenser, and wrote a number of English poems in pseudo-classical metres. They are all tedious. The best known are *The Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church* (1591), and *The Countess of Pembroke's Emmanuel* (1591).

l. 115. *what did Essex kill.* The date of Essex's execution was Feb. 25, 1601.

l. 128. *Cuffe's putting on a sword.* Henry Cuff was born 1563. He became Professor of Greek at Oxford in 1590, and in 1594 came to London as secretary to Essex. He gained considerable influence over him, and urged him on to the abortive conspiracy of 1601. For his share therein he was executed March 23, 1601.

l. 131. *that Scot.* A bitter hit at James I. and his train of needy Scotch followers. Yet with many of these, Hamilton, Hay, Somerset, Ancrum, as well as with the King himself, Donne had friendly relations in later life.

l. 134. *worth thy tenth reading:* apparently an allusion to the *nonumque prematur in annum* of Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 388.

EPIGRAMS.

ALL the Epigrams appeared in 1633. That on *Raderus* must be later than 1602, that on the *Antiquary* earlier than Satire v. (1602-3).

p. 211. ANTIQUARY.

In the Harvey MS. the first line is, "If in his study Hamond hath such care." This is evidently the Hammon of Satire v., l. 87, and the Epigram is therefore the earlier in date of the two poems.

p. 211. PHRYNE.

Drummond states that Ben Jonson "had (*i. e.* quoted) this oft" (*Conversations*, ed. Laing).

p. 212. RADERUS.

Matthew Rader (1561-1634), a German Jesuit, published an edition of and commentary upon Martial in 1602.

p. 212. MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

A journal or register of news, started at Cologne in 1598.

APPENDIX A.

DOUBTFUL POEMS.

ABSENCE.

That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality;
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

l. 1. So Poet. Rh., Harvey MS.; Sim., Cott. MS. *hear my protestation;* St. MS. *hear this my protestation*
l. 4. Poet. Rh. ed. 2, *you can*
l. 8. Poet. Rh. *He soon hath found*

My senses want their outward motion,
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled by her secret notion;
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain;
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so enjoy her, and none miss her.

LOVE'S WAR.

TILL I have peace with thee, war other men,
And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
All other wars are scrupulous; only thou
O free fair city, mayst thyself allow
To any one. In Flanders, who can tell
Whether the master press, or men rebel?
Only we know, that which most idiots say,
They must bear blows which come to part the fray.

l. 13. Sim. *Thy senses;* Poet. Rh. *motions.*
l. 16. Poet. Rh. *Redoubled in her secret notions.*
l. 18. Cotton MS. *In finding.*
ll. 23, 24. Cotton MS. *while none miss her.*
Poet. Rh. *And so I both enjoy and miss her.*

Sim. *There I embrace her and there kiss her,*
And so enjoy her and so miss her.

l. 4. St. MS. *A free*
l. 7. Sim. St. MS. *all idiots*
l. 8. Sim. *who come;* St. MS. *that come*

France in her lunatic giddiness did hate
Ever our men, yea, and our God, of late ;
Yet she relies upon our angels well,
Which ne'er return, no more than they which fell.
Sick Ireland is with a strange war possest,
Like to an ague, now raging, now at rest,
Which time will cure ; yet it must do her good
If she were purg'd, and her head-vein let blood ;
And Midas joys our Spanish journeys give ;
We touch all gold, but find no food to live ;
And I should be in that hot parching clime
To dust and ashes turned before my time.
To mew me in a ship is to enthral
Me in a prison that were like to fall ;
Or in a cloister, save that there men dwell
In a calm heaven, here in a swaying hell.
Long voyages are long consumptions,
And ships are carts for executions ;
Yea, they are deaths ; is 't not all one to fly
Into another world, as 'tis to die?
Here let me war ; in these arms let me lie :
Here let me parley, batter, bleed, and die.
Thine arms imprison me, and my arms thee ;
Thy heart thy ransom is ; take mine for me.
Other men war, that they their rest may gain,
But we will rest that we may fight again.

l. 9. So St. MS. ; Wald, *giddinge*, Sim. *guidings*.
l. 13. Sim. *straying*
l. 16. Sim. *dead vein*
l. 18. St. MS. *find all gold*
l. 19. St. MS. *the hot*
l. 24. Wald. Sim. *swaggering* ; St. MS. *swayring*
l. 26. Wald. omits this line.
l. 27. St. MS. *It is all one*
l. 30. St. MS. *better bleed than die*

Those wars th' ignorant, these th' experienced love ;
There we are always under, here above.
There engines far off breed a just true fear ;
Near thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea, bullets, hurt not here.
There lies are wrongs ; here safe uprightly lie.
There men kill men ; we'll make one by and by.
Thou nothing, I not half so much shall do
In those wars, as they may which from us two
Shall spring. Thousands we see which travel not
To war, but stay, swords, arms, and shot
To make at home ; and shall not I do then
More glorious service, staying to make men?

ON A FLEA ON HIS MISTRESS'S BOSOM.

MADAM, that flea which crept between your breasts
I envied, that there he should make his rest ;
The little creature's fortune was so good
That angels feed not on so precious food.
How it did suck, how eager tickle you !
—Madam, shall fleas before me tickle you?—
O ! I not hold can ; pardon if I killed it ;
—Sweet blood, to you I ask this—that which filled it
Ran from my lady's breast. Come, happy flea,
That died for sucking of that milky sea.
O ! now again I could e'en wish thee there,
About her heart, about her anywhere ;
I would now (dear flea) that thou shouldst not die,
If thou couldst suck from her her cruelty.

l. 37. Sim. *These ;* St. MS. *Their*
l. 39. So Sim. St. MS.
l. 41. St. MS. *to do*
l. 42. Sim. St. MS. *these wars*
l. 45. Sim. *we do*

THE PORTRAIT.

PAINTER, while there thou sit'st drawing the sight
That her unkind regard hath dyed in grief,
Dip black thy pencil, and forget the white,
That thou bestow'st on looks that win belief;
And when thy work is done, then let her see
The humble image of her cruelty.

Or if t' unfold the sense of her disdain
Exceeds the narrow limits of thine art,
Then blot thy table, and forget thy pain,
Till thou hast learned the colours of her heart;
And let her then no sight or other show
But that void place where thou hast painted woe.

Tell her that those whom th' heavens' injuries
Have kept at sea in wandering desperation
Sit down at length, and brag of miseries,
The highest measure of their ostentation.
So hath she lost me till my latest glory
Is her content, and my affliction's story.

Tell her that tears and sighs shall never cease
With flowing streams, to sink her in conceit,
Till at the length she pity or release
The gentle heart that on her eyes did wait,
Pure lights embracing in each other's scope
The strength of faith and weaknesses of hope.

Thus do I breathe forth my unhappiness,
And play with rhymes, as if my thoughts were free,
Wherein if I had power but to express
Her name, the world would with my griefs agree.
But, idle vein! consume thyself in this,
That I have sworn to bury what she is.

See the *Notes* for an alternative ending.

LOVE-SONNET (I.).

O MADAM, you are of all women true,
Nay virtue's self, that's more, for only you
Are that which we imagine to be she;
You, and but you, make virtue here to be;
You, who by binding make us truly free,
Whose only bondman lives in liberty;
You, in which happy word all things are meant
Excepting wickedness and punishment.
You, that are you, which I love more than I,
In whom my soul can rest, yet I not die;
Nay lives, by being there, for that's his place,
I, but a cabinet that keeps your face
Or model in my heart, for all that's I
May in your picture live, in you must die.

LOVE-SONNET (II.).

Is there no day, madam, for you? is all
A sullen night? it is not out of choice;
For watchful virtue never did rejoice
In darkness, when it subject was to fall.
But you are led by some unlucky hand
That guides your feet into a path obscure,
Yet looks that you as steadily should stand
As at noonday, and keep your feet as pure.
O, pardon me; should I be guided so
From light, from truth, and from the sight of men,
My guides should too late and quickly know
That darkness was the way to Error's den,
And he should feel, that barr'd me from the light,
The best time to revenge my wrongs were night.

A WARNING.

VICTORIOUS beauty! though your eyes
Are able to subdue an host
And therefore are unlike to boast
The taking of a little prize,
Do not a single heart despise.

It came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That when a privy coat was worn
With characters of beauty charm'd
Thereby it might have 'scaped unharmed.

But neither steel nor stony breast
Are proof against those looks of thine;
Nor can a beauty less divine
Of any heart be long possessed
When thou pretend'st an interest.

Thy conquest in regard of me,
Alas! is small; but in respect
Of her that did my love protect,
Were it divulged, deserves to be
Recorded for a victory.

And such a one—as some that view
Her lovely face perhaps may say—
Though you have stolen my heart away,
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

TO THE YOUNG GENTLEWOMEN.

BEWARE, fair maid, of musky courtier's oaths;
Take heed what gifts and favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloss of silken clothes
Dazzle thy virtues, or thy fame bereave.
For loose but once the hold thou hast of grace,
Who will respect thy favour or thy face?

Each greedy hand doth catch to spoil the flower,
Where none regards the stalk it grew upon;
Each creature loves the fruit still to devour,
And let the tree to fall or grow alone.
But this advice, fair creature, take from me;
Let none take fruit unless he take the tree.

Believe not oaths nor much protesting men,
Credit no vows, nor no bewailing songs;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
Their hearts do live ten regions from their tongues;
And when with oaths they make the heart to tremble
Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.

Beware, lest Caesar do corrupt thy mind,
And foul ambition sell thy modesty;
Say tho' a king thou ever courteous find,
He cannot pardon thy impurity;
Begin with king, to subject you will fall,
From lord to lackey, and at last to all.

l. 1. Sim. *maids*

ll. 23, 24. Simeon prints an alternative ending—

Do with but one, with thousands thou'st turned whore:
Break you in one place, you will break in more.

BELIEVE YOUR GLASS.

BELIEVE your glass, and it will tell you, dear,
Your eyes enshrine
A brighter shine
Than fair Apollo ; look if there appear
The milky sky,
The crimson dye
Mixed in your cheeks ; and then bid Phoebus set ;
More glory than he owes appears. But yet

. . . Be not deceived with false alteration :
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
As Cynthia's globe,
A snow-white robe,
Is soonest spotted ; a carnation dye
Fades and discolours, opened but to eye.

Make use of youth and beauty while they flourish,
Time never sleeps ;
Though it but creeps
It still gets forward. Do not vainly nourish
Them to self-use :
It is abuse ;
The richest grounds lying waste turn bogs and rot,
And so being useless were as good were not.

Walk in a meadow by a river-side,
Upon whose banks
Grow milk-white ranks
Of full-blown lilies in their height of pride,

Which downward bend,
And nothing tend
Save their own beauties in their glassy stream :
Look to yourself ; compare yourself with them—

In show, in beauty : mark what follows then ;
Summer must end,
The sun must bend
Its long absented beams to others ; when
Their Spring being crossed
By winter's frost,
And snipped by bitter storms 'gainst which nought boots,
They bend their proud tops lower than their roots.

Then none regard them, but with heedless feet
In dust each treads
Their declin'd heads.
So when youth's wasted, Age and you shall meet ;
Then I alone
Shall sadly moan
That interview ; others it will not move ;
So light regard we what we little love.

FORTUNE NEVER FAILS.

WHAT if I come to my mistress' bed,
The candles all eclipsed from shining?
Shall I then attempt for her maiden-head,
Or show myself a coward by declining?
Oh no,
Fie, do not so ;
For thus much I know by divining,

Blind is Love,
The dark it doth approve
To prey on pleasures panting;
What needs light
For Cupid in the night,
If jealous eyes be wanting?

Fortune never fails, if she bids take place,
To second all the fair proceedings;
Love and she, though blind, yet each other embrace
To favour all their servants' meetings.
Venture, I say,
To sport and play,
If in place all be fitting;
Though she say "Fie,"
Yet doth she not deny,
For "Fie" is but a word of trial.
Jealousy doth sleep;
Then do not weep
At force of a fair denial.

Glorious is my love, worth triumphs in her face;
Then too-too bold were I to venture.
Who loves, deserves to live in a princess' grace;
Why stand you then afraid to enter?
Lights are all out,
Then make no doubt,
A woer boldly may take a choosing.
Beauty is a bait
For a princely mate.
Fie, why stand you then a musing?
You'll repent too late,
If she do you hate
For love's delights refusing.

TO MRS. BOULSTRED.

SHALL I go force an elegy? abuse
My wit, and break the hymen of my Muse
For one poor hour's love? deserve it such
Which serves not me to do on her as much?
Or, if it could, I would that fortune shun—
Who would be rich, to be so soon undone?
The beggar's best, his wealth he doth not know,
And but to show it him increaseth woe.
But we two may enjoy an hour; when never
It returns, who would have a loss for ever?
Nor can so short a love, if true, but bring
A half-hour's fear with thought of the losing.
Before it all hours were hope, and all are,
That shall come after it, years of despair.
This joy brings this doubt, whether it were more
To have enjoyed it or to have died before.
'Tis a lost Paradise, a fall from grace,
Which I think Adam felt more than his race;
Nor need those angels any other hell;
It is enough for them from heaven they fell.
Beside, conquest in love is all in all,
That, when I list, she under me may fall;
And for this turn, both for delight and view,
I'll have a Succuba as good as you.
But when these toys are past, and hot blood ends,
The best enjoying is, we still are friends.
Love can but be friendship's outside; their two
Beauties differ as minds and bodies do.
Thus I this great good still would be to take,
Unless one hour another happy make,

l. 7. Query, *The beggar's best's*,

Or that I might forget it instantly,
Or in that blest estate that I might die.
But why do I thus travail in the skill
Of despised poetry, and perchance spill
My fortune, or undo myself in sport
By having but that dangerous name in court?
I'll leave, and since I do your poet prove,
Keep you my lines as secret as my love.

TO A PAINTED LADY.

NOT kiss! By Jove I will, and make impression!
As long as Cupid dares to hold his session
Within my flesh and blood, our kisses shall
Out-minute time, and without number fall.
Do I not know these balls of white and red
That on thy cheeks so amorously are spread,
Thy snowy neck, those veins upon thy brow,
Which with their azure wrinkles sweetly bow,
Are artificial and no more thine own,
Than chains which on S. George's day are shown
Are proper to the wearers; yet for this
I idol thee, and beg a luscious kiss.
The fucus and ceruse which on thy face
Thy cunning hand lays on to add new grace
[Deceive me with such pleasing fraud, that I
Find in thy art, what can in Nature lie.]
Much like a painter that upon some wall,
On which the cadent sunbeams use to fall,
Paints with such gilded art a butterfly,
That silly maids with slow-moved fingers try

ll. 15, 16. These lines, necessary to the sense, are added from Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660).

To catch at it, and blush at their mistake,
Yet of this painted fly more reckoning make.
Such is our state, since what we look upon
Is nought but colour and proportion.
Take we a face as full of fraud and lies
As gypsies in their cunning'st flatteries,
That is more false and more sophisticate
Than are saints' relics, or a man of state;
Yet this being glossed by the sleight of art
Gains admiration, winning many a heart.
[But case there be a difference in the mould,
Yet may thy Venus be more choice, and hold
A dearer treasure. Often times we see
Rich Candian wines in wooden bowls to be;]
The odoriferous civet doth not lie
Within the precious musk-cat's ear or eye,
But in a baser place; for prudent Nature,
In drawing use of various forms and feature,
Gives unto them the shop of her large treasure,
To fair parts comeliness, to baser pleasure.
The fairest flowers, which in the Spring do grow,
Are not so much for use as for the show;
As lilies, hyacinths, and the gorgeous birth
Of all pied flowers which diaper the earth,
Please more with their discolour'd purple train
Than wholesome pot herbs which for use remain.
Shall I a gaudy-speckled serpent kiss
For that the colours which he wears be his?
A perfumed cordevant who will not wear
Because the scent is borrow'd otherwhere?
The robes and vestments which do grace us all
Are not our own, but adventitial.

ll. 31-34. From Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems*.

Time rifles Nature's beauty, but sly Art
Repairs by cunning this decaying part;
Fills here a wrinkle and there pearls a vein,
And with a nimble hand runs o'er again
The breaches dented in by th' arm of Time,
Making deformity to be no crime.
As, when great men be gripp'd by sickness' hand,
Industrious physic pregnantly doth stand
To patch up old diseases, and doth strive
To keep their tottering carcases alive.
Beauty's a candle-light, which every puff
Blows out, and leaves naught but a stinking snuff
To fill our nostrils with. This boldly think;
The clearest candle makes the foulest stink;
As your pure food and finest nourishment
Gets the most hot and most strong excrement.
Why hang we then on things so apt to vary,
So fleeting, brittle, and so temporary,
That agues, coughs, the toothache, or catarrh
(Slight houses of diseases) spoil and mar?
But when old age their beauties hath in chase,
And ploughs up wrinkles in their once smooth face,
Then they become forsaken, and do show
Like stately abbeys ruin'd long ago.
Nature but gives the model or first draft
Of fair perfection, which by Art is taught
To make itself a complete form and birth;
So stands a copy to those shapes on earth.
Jove grant me you a reparable face,
Which, whilst that colours last, can want no grace.
Pygmalion's painted image I could love,
So it were warm, and soft, and could but move.

LOVE'S POWER.

SHALL Love, that gave Latona's heir the foil,
(Proud of his archery and Python's spoil,)
And so enthrall'd him to a nymph's disdain
As, when his hopes were dead, he, full of pain,
Made him above all trees the laurel grace,
An emblem of Love's glory, his disgrace;
Shall he, I say, be term'd a foot-boy now
Which made all powers in heaven and earth to bow?
Or is't a fancy which themselves do frame,
And therefore dare baptize by any name?
A flaming straw! which one spark kindles bright,
And first hard breath out of itself doth fright;
Whose father was a smile, and death a frown,
Soon proud of little and for less cast down?
'Tis so! and this a lackey term you may,
For it runs oft and makes but shortest stay.
But thou, O Love! free from Time's eating rust,
That set'st a limit unto boundless lust,
Making desire grow infinitely strong,
And yet to one chaste subject still belong;
Bridling self-love, that flatters us in ease,
Quick'ning our wits to strive that they may please;
Fixing the wand'ring thoughts of straying youth,
The firmest bond of Faith, the knot of Truth;
Thou that didst never lodge in worthless heart,
Thou art a master wheresoe'er thou art.
Thou makest food loathsome, sleep to be unrest,
Lost labour easeful, scornful looks a feast;
And when thou wilt, thy joys as far excel
All else as, when thou punishest, thy Hell.

O make that rebel feel thy matchless power,
Thou that madest Jove a bull, a swan, a shower.
Give him a love as tyrannous as fair,
That his desire go yokèd with despair.
Live in her eyes, but in her frozen heart
Let no thaw come that may have sense of smart.
Let her a constant silence never break,
Till he do wish repulse to hear her speak;
And last, such sense of error may him have
As he may never dare for mercy crave.
Then none will more capitulate with thee,
But of their hearts will yield the empire free.

LOVE AND REASON.

BASE Love, the stain of youth, the scorn of age,
The folly of a man, a woman's rage;
The canker of a froward will thou art,
The business of an idle empty heart;
The rack of jealousy and sad Mistrust,
The smooth and justified excuse of lust;
The thief which wastes the taper of our life;
The quiet name of restless jars and strife;
The fly which dost corrupt and quite distaste
All happiness if thou therein be cast;
The greatest and the most conceal'd impostor
That ever vain credulity did foster;
A mountebank extolling trifles small,
A juggler playing loose, not fast with all;
An alchemist, whose promises are gold,
Payment but dross, and hope at highest sold.
This, this is Love, and worse than I can say.
When he a master is, and bears the sway,

He guides like Phaeton, burns and destroys,
Parches and stifles what would else be joys.
But when clear Reason, sitting in the throne,
Governs his beams—which otherwise are none
But darts and mischiefs—oh, then, sunlike, he
Doth actuate, produce, ripen and free
From grossness, those good seeds which in us lie
Till then as in a grave, and there would die.
All high perfections in a perfect lover
His warmth does cherish, and his light discover.
He gives an even temper of delight
Without a minute's loss; nor fears affright
Nor interrupt the joys such love doth bring,
Nor no enjoying can dry up the spring.
Unto another he lends out our pleasure,
That—with the use—it may come home a treasure.
Pure link of bodies where no lust controls,
The fastness and security of souls!
Sweetest path of life, virtue in full sail,
Tree-budding hope whose fruit doth never fail!
To this dear love I do no rebel stand,
Though not employ'd, yet ready at command.
Wherefore, O Reason high, thou who art king
Of the world's king, and dost in order bring
The wild affections, which so often swerve
From the just rule, and rebel passions serve;
Thou without whose light love's fire is but smoke,
Which puts out eyes and mind's true sense doth choke;
Restore this lover to himself again,
Send him a lively feeling of his pain,
Give him a healthy and discerning taste
Of food and rest, that he may rest at last,
By strength of thee, from his strange strong disease,
Wherein the danger is that it doth please.

Grant this, O Reason, at his deep'st request
Who never loved to see your power suppress'd.
And now to you, Sir Love, your love I crave;
Of you no mastery I desire to have.
But that we may, like honest friends, agree,
Let us to Reason fellow-servants be.

TO A LADY OF A DARK COMPLEXION.

If shadows be the picture's excellence
And make it seem more lively to the sense;
If stars in the bright day are lost from sight
And seem most glorious in the mask of Night;
Why should you think, rare creature, that you lack
Perfection, 'cause your eyes and hair are black,
Or that your heavenly beauty, which exceeds
The new sprung lilies in their maidenheads,
The damask colour of your cheeks and lips,
Should suffer by their darkness and eclipse?
Rich diamonds shine brightest being set
And compassed within a field of jet;
Nor were it fit that Nature should have made
So bright a sun to shine without some shade.
It seems that Nature, when she first did fancy
Your rare composure, studied necromancy;
That when to you this gift she did impart
She usèd altogether the black art,
By which infusèd powers from magic book
You do command, like spirits, with a look.
She drew those magic circles in your eyes,
And made your hair the chains with which she ties
Rebelling hearts. Those blue veins, which appear
Winding meanders about either sphere,

Mysterious figures are; and when you list,
Your voice commandeth as the exorcist.
O, if in magic you have power so far,
Vouchsafe to make me your familiar.
Nor hath dame Nature her black art reveal'd
To outward parts alone, some lie conceal'd.
For as by heads of springs men often know
The nature of the streams which run below,
So your black hair and eyes do give direction
To think the rest to be of like complexion;
That rest where all rest lies that blesseth man,
That Indian mine, that strait of Magellan,
That world-dividing gulf, where he who ventures
With swelling sails and ravish'd senses, enters
To a new world of bliss. Pardon, I pray,
If my rude Muse presumeth to display
Secrets unknown, or hath her bounds o'er pass'd
In praising sweetness which I ne'er did taste.
Starved men do know there's meat, and blind men may,
Though hid from light, presume there is a day.
The rover in the mark his arrow strikes
Sometimes as well as he that shoots at pricks;
And if that I might aim my shaft aright,
The black mark I would hit and not the white.

BORROWING.

One calls me friend, yet urges me to pay
A debt I borrow'd, not upon a day,
But upon terms of love; am I his friend?
I may then owe as freely as he lend.

SUPPING HOURS.

THOU in the field walk'st out thy supping hours,
And yet thou say'st thou hast supp'd like a king;
Like Nebuchadnezzar perchance, with grass and flowers,
A salad worse than Spanish dieting.

THE SMITH.

SMUG the smith for ale and spice
Sold all his tools, but kept his vice.

THE LADY AND HER VIOL.

WHY dost thou, dear, affect thy viol so,
And let thy love forlorn with anguish go?
Thou'lt kindly set him on thy lap, embrace
And almost kiss, while I must void the place.
Thou'lt string him truly, tune him sweetly, when
Thou'lt wrest me out of tune and crack me then.
Thou'lt stop his frets, but set no date to mine.
Thou'lt give whate'er he wants, but let me pine.
Thou know'st him hollow-hearted, yet wilt hear
Him thoroughout with an attentive ear;
And sing him such a pleasing lullaby,
Would charm hell's churlish porter's watchful eye,
Keeping true time with him as true may be,
But find no time to keep thee true to me.
Dear, as the instrument would I were thine,
That thou mightst play on me, or thou wert mine.

l. 16. The Farmer-Chetham MS. has a variant, *That I might play on thee.*

A PARADOX.

WHOSO terms Love a fire, may like a poet
Feign what he will, for certain cannot show it;
For fire ne'er burns but when the fuel's near,
But Love doth at most distance most appear;
Yet out of fire water did never go;
But tears from Love abundantly do flow;
Fire still mounts upward, but Love oft descendeth;
Fire leaves the midst, Love to the centre tendeth;
Fire drys and hardens, Love doth mollify;
Fire doth consume, but Love doth fructify.
The powerful Queen of Love (fair Venus) came,
Descended from the sea, not from the flame;
Whence passions ebb and flow, and from the brain
Run to the heart, like streams, and back again.
Yea Love oft fills men's breasts with melting snow,
Drowning their love-sick minds in floods of woe.
What, is Love water, then? it may be so;
But he saith truest that saith he doth not know.

SUN, BEGONE.

WHEREFORE peep'st thou, envious Day?
We can kiss without thee;
Lovers hate that golden ray
Which thou bear'st about thee.

Go, and give them light that sorrow,
Or the sailor flying:
Our embraces need no morrow,
Nor our kisses eyeing.

We shall curse thy envious eye
For thy soon betraying;
Or condemn thee for a spy,
If thou find'st us playing.

Get thee gone, and lend thy flashes
Where there's need of lending:
Our affections are not ashes,
Nor our pleasures ending.

Were we cold or wither'd here,
We could stay thee by us;
Or but one another's sphere,
Then thou shouldst not fly us.

We are young, thou spoilst our pleasure;
Go to sea and slumber;
Darkness only lends us leisure
Our stolen joys to number.

IF SHE DERIDE.

GREAT and good if she deride me,
Let me walk, I'll not despair;
Ere to-morrow I'll provide me
One as great, less proud, more fair.
They that seek love to constrain
Have their labour for their pain.

They that strongly can importune,
And will never yield nor tire,
Gain the pay in spite of Fortune;
But such gain I'll not desire.
Where the prize is shame or sin,
Winners lose, and losers win.

Look upon the faithful lover ;
Grief stands painted in his face ;
Groans and sighs and tears discover
That they are his only grace.
He must weep as children do,
That will in the fashion woo.

I, who fly these idle fancies
Which my dearest rest betray,
Warn'd by other's harmful chances,
Use my freedom as I may.
When all the world says what it can,
'Tis but—O ! unconstant man !

LOVE AND WIT.

TRUE love finds wit, but he whose wit doth move
Him to love, confesseth he doth not love ;
And from his wit passions and true desire
Are forced as hard as from the flint is fire.
My love's all fire, whose flames my soul doth nurse,
Whose smokes are sighs, whose every spark's a verse.
Doth measure win women ? Then I know why
Most of our ladies with the Scots do lie.
A Scot is measured in each syllable, terse
And smooth as a verse, and, like that smooth verse,
Is shallow, and wants matter cut in bands.
And they are rugged. Her state better stands,
Whom dancing measures tempted, not the Scot ;
In brief, they're out of measure, lost, so got.

l. 10. So Haslewood-Kingsborough MS. ; Stephens MS. *Smooth as a verse.*
l. 11. So St. MS. ; Hasle.-Kings. MS. *writ in 's hands*
l. 14. So St. MS. ; Hasle.-Kings. MS. *She's*

Green-sickness wenches (not needs must, but) may
Look pale, breathe short ; at court none so long stay.
Good wit never despair'd there, or "Ah me!" said,
For never wench at court was ravished.
And she but cheats on heaven whom so you win,
Thinking to share the sport, but not the sin.

DR. DONNE'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, you gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, you honour'd rags, you crystal bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold pure clay ;
Honour is but the darling of one day ;
Beauty, the eyes' idol, but a damask skin ;
State but a golden prison to keep in
And torture freeborn minds ; embroider'd trains
But goodly pageants, proudly-swelling veins ;
Fame, riches, honour, state, trains, beauties, birth,
Are but the fading blessings of the earth.
I would be great, but see the sun doth still
Level his beams against the rising hill ;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dip in the bowels of the richest minds ;
I would be fair, but see the champion proud,
The world's fair eye, off setting in a cloud ;
I would be wise, but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty when the ass is free ;
I would be poor, but see the humble grass
Is trampled on by each unworthy ass.
Rich hated, wise suspected, scorn'd if poor ;
Great fear'd, fair tempted, and high envied more.
Would the world now adopt me for his heir ;
Would Beauty's Queen entitle me the fair ;

Fame speak me Honour's minion ; could I vie
The bliss of angels ; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb
As well as blind and lame ; and give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs ; be called Master
In the loose lines of every poetaster.
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Rich, wise, great, fair, all in superlatives ;
I count one minute of my holy leisure
Beyond too much of all this empty pleasure.
Welcome, pure thoughts ! welcome, ye careless groans !
These are my guests, this is that courtage tones.
Ye winged people of the skies shall sing
Mine anthems ; be my cellar, gentle spring.
Here dwells no hopeless loves, no palsy fears,
No short joys purchased with eternal tears ;
Here will I sit, and sigh my hot youth's folly,
And learn to affect a holy melancholy ;
And if contentment be a stranger, then
I'll never look for 't but in Heaven again.
And when I die I'll turn my cave
Even from a chamber to a silent grave ;
The falling spring upon the rock shall wear
Mine epitaph, and cause a briny tear
From him who asks who in this tomb doth lie.
The doleful Echo answers: It is I.

NOTES TO DOUBTFUL POEMS.

I HAVE included in this Appendix a number of poems which have been ascribed to Donne, upon evidence which hardly admits of a definite decision for or against his authorship. In the case of most of them his claim is very slight, and these I have printed as they are given by the editor who first made it for him; a few which may possibly be his I have edited more carefully. I now proceed to add such data bearing on the question of authorship as I have been able to collect.

I. From *The Grove* (1721).

The Grove is a miscellany of original poems and translations.

p. 249. ABSENCE.

Printed from an old MS. formerly belonging to Sir John Cotton, of Stratton in Huntingdonshire. Sir J. Simeon, who apparently had not seen *The Grove*, printed the poem again in his Philobiblon Society volume of 1856. It is in the Stephens MS. of Donne, and in the Harvey MS., and also appears anonymously in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602), in *Wit Restored* (1658), and in Brit. Mus. Lansd. 740, MS. f. 107. In Hawthornden MS. 15, it is signed J. H., perhaps the initials of Sir John Harrington. The style, rhythm, and thought are, however, all markedly Donne's.

II. From F. G. Waldron's *A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry* (1802).

p. 250. LOVE'S WAR.

Printed by Waldron, both here and in his *Shakesperian Miscellany* of the same year, from a MS. dated 1625, and subsequently by Sir J. Simeon. In Addl. MS. 25,707,

f. 10, and in Lansd. MS. 740, f. 84, it occurs in a series of Donne's Elegies. It is in the Stephens MS. and the Harvey MS.—and amongst the poems attributed to "Dr. Doone" in Harl. MS. 4955, f. 99. It is also found, unsigned but with other poems of Donne's, in Addl. MS. 18,647, f. 15, Addl. MS. 30,982, f. 142, and T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2, 21, f. 61.

III. From Sir J. Simeon's *Unpublished Poems of Donne* (Philobiblon Society's Publications, vol. iii. 1856-7).

The poems printed by Simeon were taken from, (*a*) the Swanley MS., dated 1644, and bound up with a copy of the 1633 quarto; (*b*) the Utterson MS., a common-place book; (*c*) a MS. lent by the late Lord Houghton, and thought to be partly in Donne's handwriting. The learned editor has not stated to which of his MSS. the poems which he prints respectively belong.

p. 252. ON A FLEA ON HIS MISTRESS'S BOSOM.

The only other authority for this poem is the Stephens MS. It is unsigned in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 21. It is very much feebler than Donne's poem on the same theme printed in vol. i. p. 1.

p. 253. THE PORTRAIT.

This occurs unsigned, but with other poems of Donne's, in Harl. MS. 4064, f. 231, and in Eg. MS. 2230, f. 18. In the latter MS., on the first page of which is written "E libris Richardo Glovero pharmacopol, Londinensi pertinentibus, 1638," there is given the following alternative ending—

"I have been otherwise and otherwise shall be,
For as I change my time, time changeth me;
That face is happy and those looks are strange,
Where time no wrinkles breeds, nor wrinkle change."

The poem also occurs, under the heading "Prolegomena quaedam," in Rawl. Poet. MS. 31. This MS. professes to contain "Sir John Harrington's Poems, written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth"; but many of

the contents are not Harrington's, and some are Donne's. The style of the poem is most unlike Donne's, and reminds me strongly of Samuel Daniel.

p. 254. LOVE SONNETS, I., II.

These are not, so far as I know, found elsewhere than in Simeon's tract.

p. 255. A WARNING.

There is no other evidence for Donne than that of Simeon's MSS. The poem is printed anonymously in *Wit's Interpreter* (1655). It also occurs anonymously twice over in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, ff. 293, 368. It is given to the Earl of Pembroke in Harl. MS. 3910, f. 112, Addl. MS. 21,433, f. 119, and Addl. MS. 25,303, f. 139. In Bodl. Mal. MS. 13, it is headed *To the Countess of Salisbury*, and ascribed, in a different handwriting, to Aurelian Townshend.

p. 256. TO THE YOUNG GENTLEWOMEN.

This poem is printed amongst Joshua Sylvester's *Posthumi* in his folio volume of 1633. It appeared earlier, in William Corkine's *Second Book of Ayres* (1612), and the last three stanzas are found, with the initial "P," in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660). It also occurs anonymously in several Brit. Mus. and other MSS., among them Addl. MS. 10,309, f. 153, and Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 172, both of which contain poems of Donne's.

p. 257. BELIEVE YOUR GLASS.

This is printed, with the initials J. D., in *Le Prince d'Amour* (1660). It is also in the Stephens MS. of Donne.

p. 258. FORTUNE NEVER FAILS.

Only the last two stanzas are given by Simeon. The first is added by Dr. Grosart from the Stephens MS. The whole poem occurs, without any author's name, in Rawl. Poet. MS. 31, f. 6, and C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 21.

p. 260. TO MRS. BOULSTRED.

In *Le Prince d'Amour* (1660) this poem is headed *An*

Elegy 1602 *to Mist. Bailstrode*, and signed J. D. In Hawthornden MS. 15 however it is signed J. R., and has the title, *To his Mistress, promising to love him an hour.* In Lansd. MS. 740, f. 103, it is initialled J. R. and has the date 1602. It is also initialled J. R. in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 255. J. R. would be [Sir] J[ohn] R[oe]. In Rawl. Poet. MS. 31, f. 26, it has the heading *To Mrs. Boulstred*, but is unsigned. In Addl. MS. 10,309, f. 66, occurs a shorter version, also unsigned.

p. 261. TO A PAINTED LADY.

This is given to J. D. in *Le Prince d'Amour* (1660), and occurs also in the Stephens MS. with the heading, *A Paradox of a Painted Face.* It is in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660), but has neither "P" nor "R" appended to it. In T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 469, it is anonymous. In Harl. MS. 3910, f. 20, it is said to be "By my Lo: of Cant. follower Mr. Baker." Who this Mr. Baker was I do not know; a Gulielmus Baker has verses in *Coryat's Crudities* (1611).

p. 264. LOVE'S POWER.

This is in the Stephens MS. But it is marked "P" in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems*, and it has the same initial in Harl. MS. 4064, f. 253, and in Rawl. Poet. MS. 31. In the former place it is preceded by two six-line stanzas in a different metre, beginning "Disdain me still." These were first printed in John Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace* (1612).

p. 265. LOVE AND REASON.

An imperfect copy of this poem is found unsigned, in Addl. MS. 10,309, f. 46, which contains several poems of Donne's. On the other hand a much longer version than that given by Simeon occurs with the initials "R" in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660), in Harl. 4064, f. 254, and in Rawl. Poet. MS. 31. It begins—

"No praise it is that him whom Python slew."

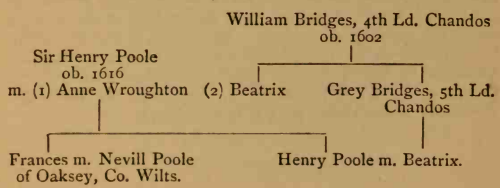
Although the *Poems* of 1660 are of no great critical value, I have little doubt that this and the preceding poem are rightly assigned to Sir Benjamin Rudyard and

the Earl of Pembroke respectively. They form part of a poetical tournament, extending to six copies of verses in all, in which the one writer consistently disparages while the other exalts the functions of Love. Curiously enough, corroborative evidence that neither of these poems can be by Donne is afforded by his own hitherto unpublished poem to Lord Pembroke (see Appendix B.), which clearly refers to this very tournament. I only reprint them for the sake of comparison with this. They should really be noticed amongst the *Spurious Poems* in Appendix C.

p. 267. TO A LADY OF A DARK COMPLEXION.

This poem also occurs in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems*, with the initial "R." But it is found in several Brit. Mus. MSS., and is ascribed to a variety of authors. Thus Harl. MS. 6057, f. 9, and Addl. MS. 21,433, f. 109, give it to Ben Jonson; Lansd. MS. 777, f. 71, and Addl. MS. 11,811, f. 33, to W. P.; Harl. MS. 6931, f. 8, to Walton Poole, with the heading, "To his M^rs. in despair because her eyes and hair were black." In ten other MSS. it is unsigned, but in two of these, Sloane MS. 1792, f. 23, and Addl. MS. 30,982, f. 152, it is headed "On Mrs. Poole," and one, Eg. MS. 923, f. 61, "On the L^d. Shandaw's sister." T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 428, also ascribes it to Walton Poole, and heads it "To a Lady whom I will not name." It is printed in *Parnassus Biceps* (1656). Walton Poole has a poem in *Annalia Dubrensia* (1636).

The inter-relations of the families of Poole of Saperton, Co. Gloc., and of Bridges, Barons Chandos of Sudeley, Co. Gloc., are obscure, but it is probable that the following table correctly represents them—



But I do not feel sure if there was one Beatrix Bridges or two, and if one, whether she was the daughter of William or of Grey Bridges. But if there was only one, it was clearly the younger Henry Poole that she married, and she is probably the subject of this poem, who is not called Lady Poole. Any one who wishes to make a further attempt at unravelling the tangle may compare the *Harleian Soc. Publications*, xxi. pp. 125, 237, with the County Histories, the Peerages, s.v. *Chandos*, Howard's *Miscell. Herald. et Geneal.*, N. S. iv. 163, and Harl. MSS. 6174, ff. 9, 26; 1191, f. 14; 6185, f. 34. The name Walton does not occur amongst the Pooles of Gloucestershire, but it does amongst their Wiltshire kinsmen. Foster (*Alumni Oxonienses*) gives "Walton Poole of Wilts, arm. matr. 29, i. 1580, at Trin. Coll. aged 15."

p. 268. BORROWING.

This does not appear elsewhere.

p. 269. SUPPING HOURS.

This is in Hawthornden MS. 15, which contains several of Donne's poems in the handwriting of Drummond of Hawthornden. It is also signed J. D. in the Harvey MS.

p. 269. THE SMITH.

This appears in Sir J. Harrington's *Epigrams*, being No. 52 of the 1615 edition and No. 47 of the 4th book of the 1618 edition. Smug the Smith of Edmonton is a character in a play called *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (1608). This is based on "*The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the pleasant pranks of Smug the Smith, Sir John, and Mine Host of the George about the stealing of venison.* By T[ony] B[rewer] (1631, but entered on S. R. 5 March 1608)." There are further allusions to Smug in *The Jests of George Peele* (1607), (Peele's *Works*, ed. Bullen, ii. 378) and in Howell's *Epistolae Ho-Elianae* (Ep. i. 5, 1; ii. 54).

IV. From Dr. Grosart's edition of Donne's Poems in the Fuller Worthies Library, 1873.

p. 269. THE LADY AND HER VIOL.

Printed by Dr. Grosart from the Farmer-Chetham MS., where it is found unsigned, but with two or three other poems of Donne's.

p. 270. A PARADOX.

Printed by Dr. Grosart from Trin. Coll. Camb. MS., R. 3, 12, p. 45. It is found, but always unsigned, in half-a-dozen Brit. Mus. and other MSS.; and in Addl. MS. 15,226, f. 3, it occurs under the title *Love is no fire*, by the side of a companion poem, *Love is a fire*, which begins—

"If that th' effect and nature give a name."

p. 270. SUN, BEGONE.

Printed by Dr. Grosart from the Stephens MS. It is found, unsigned, in Addl. MS. 22,603, f. 56, and T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 354, and also, set to music, in Eg. MS. 2013, f. 36. In Harl. MS. 791, f. 62, it is given, eight lines at a time, as the lover's part of *The Lover's dialogue with the Sun*. Here, too, it is anonymous, as it is in Addl. MS. 33,998, f. 50, where also it is accompanied by an answer, beginning—

"I do peep to see you play."

It is printed, with music, in J. Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres* (1659).

p. 271. IF SHE DERIDE.

Printed by Dr. Grosart from the Stephens MS. It is found, without any signature, in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 26, and also the Percy Folio MS., vol. iii. 391. The text there given is very different, and begins—

"Great or proud, if she deride me."

p. 272. LOVE AND WIT.

Printed by Dr. Grosart from the Stephens and Haslewood-Kingsborough MSS. It is also found, signed J. D., in the Harvey MS., and unsigned, but in company with other poems of Donne's, in Addl. MS. 10,309, f. 64, Lansd. MS. 740, f. 104, and Rawl. Poet. MS. 31, f. 25.

p. 273. DR. DONNE'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

This poem has been claimed for several authors. Dr. Grosart gives it from the Stephens MS., and it is also ascribed to Donne in the Haslewood-Kingsborough MS., in Bodl. Ashm. MS. 38, in Eg. MS. 2421, f. 42, and in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 328, f. 20. In Walton's *Complete Angler* (1653) it appeared with the following introduction—

"*Pisc.* I will requite you with a very good copy of verses: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Dr. D. But let they be written by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possest with happy thoughts at the time of their composure." In the edition of 1655 this passage remained the same, but in the third (1661) and later editions it was altered to run thus: "And some say written by Sir Harry Wotton, who I told you was an excellent Angler." In Harl. MS. 6057, f. 14, they are given to Henry King; in Eg. MS. 2603, f. 63, and in Addl. MS. 18,220, f. 69, to Sir Kenelm Digby. They are also printed as Digby's in *Wit's Interpreter* (1655). They are unsigned in *Wit's Recreations* (ed. 1641), in Rawl. Poet. MS. 90, f. 1, in Sloane MS. 2142, f. 87, where is found the note "May ye 16. impf.," and in Abp. Sancroft's Tanner MS. 465, f. 59. In this MS. they are headed "An hermit in an arbour, with a prayer-book in his hand, his foot spurning a globe, thus speaketh." Sir H. Nicolas says that they are said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, but he does not give his authority. Dr. Augustus Jessopp in *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* speaks of Donne as stating his intention to include this poem in his projected volume of 1614. A comparison with the passage quoted in the Bibliographical Note (vol. i. p. xxxvii) will show that this is an

error. It is the whole volume which Donne there speaks of as his "Valediction to the World, before taking orders."

I may add that in Ironside's *History of Twickenham* (Nichols' *Miscell. Antiq.* 20, vi.), a rough version of ll. 23, seqq. of this poem is given as copied from a corner of the Isleworth Survey, with the signature Moses Glover, 1635.

The closing lines of King's *The Farewell* are curiously similar to those of this poem—

> "My woeful Monument shall be a cell,
> The murmur of the purling brook my knell;
> My lasting Epitaph the Rock shall groan;
> Thus when sad lovers ask the weeping stone,
> What wretched thing does in that centre lie,
> The hollow echo will reply, 'twas I."

I have said very little in these notes about the evidence of style and thought, not because I consider it less important, but because it is certainly less demonstrable than such external evidence as I have been able to find. But after a careful weighing of both kinds of evidence, I may give it as my opinion, for what it is worth, that the following poems are the only ones, amongst those included in this Appendix, that can with any reasonable amount of assurance be attributed to Donne—

Absence.
Love's War.
Love Sonnets, i., ii.
The Lady and her Viol.
Love and Wit.

APPENDIX B.

POEMS HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED.

[TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.]

O FRUITFUL garden, and yet never till'd!
Box full of treasure, yet by no man fill'd!
O thou which hast made Him that first made thee!
O near of kin to all the Trinity!
O palace, where the King of all, and more,
Went in and out, yet never open'd door,
Whose flesh is purer than an other's spirit,
Reach Him our prayers, and reach us down His merit!
O bread of life which swelld'st up without leaven!
O bridge which join'st together earth and heaven!
Whose eyes see me through these walls, and through glass,
And through this flesh as thorough cypress pass.
Behold a little heart made great by thee
Swelling, yet shrinking at thy majesty.
O dwell in it! for wheresoe'er thou go'st,
There is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

TO MY LORD OF PEMBROKE.

FIE, fie, you sons of Pallas, what mad rage
Makes you contend, that Love's or God or page?
He that admires, his weakness doth confess,
For as love greater grows, so he grows less.
He that disdains, what honour wins thereby,
That he feels not, or triumphs on a fly?
If love with queasy pain thy stomach move,
So will a slut whom none dare touch or love.
If it with sacred strains do thee inspire
Of poetry, so we may want admire.
If it thee valiant make, his rival Hate
Can outdo that, and make men desperate.
Yielding to us, all women conquer us,
By gentleness we are betrayed thus.
We will not strive with love that's a she beast;
But playing we are bound, and yield in jest.
As in a cobweb toil a fly hath been
Undone, so have I some faint lover seen.
Love cannot take away our strength, but tame,
And we less feel the thing than fear the name,
Love is a temperate bath; he that feels more
Heat or cold there, was hot or cold before.
But as sunbeams, which would but nourish, burn
Drawn into hollow crystal, so we turn
To fire her beauty's lustre willingly,
By gathering it in our false treacherous eye.
Love is nor you, nor you, but [aye a calm,]
Sword to the stiff, unto the wounded balm.
Praise nothing adds, if it be infinite;
If it be nothing, who can lessen it?

l. 27. MS. *I a balm.*

OF A LADY IN THE BLACK MASK.

WHY chose she black; was it that in whiteness
She did Leda equal? whose brightness
Must suffer loss to put a beauty on,
Which hath no grace but from proportion.
It is but colour, which to lose is gain,
For she in black doth the Æthiopian stain.
Being the form that beautifies the creature,
Her rareness not in colour is, but feature.
Black on her receives so strong a grace
It seems the fittest beauty for the face.
Colour is not, but in estimation,
Fair or foul, as it is styled by fashion.
Kings wearing sackcloth it doth royal make;
So black[nes]s from her face doth beauty take.
It not in colour but in her inheres,
For what she is is fair, not what she wears.
The Moor shall envy her, as much, or more,
As did the ladies of our court before.
The sun shall mourn that he had westward been,
To seek his love, whilst she i' th' north was seen.
Her blackness lends like lustre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifies.
Hell, sin, and vice their attributes shall lose
Of black; for it wan and pale whiteness choose,
As like themselves, common, and most in use.
Sad of that colour is the late abuse.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY SIR H[ENRY] G[OODYERE] AND J[OHN] D[ONNE], ALTERNIS VICIBUS.

SINCE every tree begins to blossom now,
Perfuming and enamelling each bough,
Hearts should as well as they some fruits allow.

For since one old poor sun serves all the rest,
You several suns, that warm and light each breast,
Do by that influence all your thoughts digest.

And that you two may so your virtues move
On better matter than beams from above,
Thus our twined souls send forth these buds of love.

As in devotions men join both their hands,
We make ours do one act, to seal the bands,
By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands.

And each for other's faith and zeal stand bound,
As safe as spirits are from any wound,
So free from impure thoughts they shall be found.

Admit our magic then by which we do
Make you appear to us, and us to you,
Supplying all the Muses in you two.

We do consider no flower that is sweet,
But we your breath in that exhaling meet,
And as true types of you, them humbly greet.

Here in our nightingales we hear you sing,
Who so do make the whole year through a spring,
And save us from the fear of autumn's sting.

In Ancor's calm face we your smoothness see,
Your minds unmingled, and as clear as she
That keeps untouched her first virginity.

Did all St. Edith's nuns descend again,
To honour Polesworth with their cloister'd train,
Compared with you each would confess some stain.

Or should we more bleed out our thoughts in ink,
No paper—though it would be glad to drink
Those drops—could comprehend what we do think.

For 'twere in us ambition to write
So, that because we two you two unite,
Our letter should, as you, be infinite.

TO THE AUTHOR.

INCIPIT JOANNES DONES.

Lo here's a man, worthy indeed to travel
Fat Libyan plains, strangest China's gravel,
For Europe well hath seen him stir his stumps,
Turning his double shoes to simple pumps;
And for relation, look he doth afford
Almost for every step he took a word.
What had he done, had he ere hugg'd th' ocean
With swimming Drake or famous Magellan;
And kiss'd that unturn'd[1] cheek of our old mother,
Since so our Europe's world he can discover.
It's not that French[2] which made his giant[3] see
Those uncouth islands where words frozen be,
Till by the thaw next year they're voiced again,
When Papagauts, Andouilets and that train
Should be such matter for a Pope to curse,
As he would make; make! makes ten times worse,
And yet so pleasing as shall laughter move,
And be his vein, his gain, his praise, his love.
Sit not still then, keeping fame's trump unblown,
But get thee, Coryat, to some land unknown;
From whence proclaim thy wisdom with those wonders
Rarer than summer's snows or winter's thunders,
And take this praise of that th' hast done already;
Tis pity e'er thy flow should have an eddy.

[1] Terra incognita
[2] Rabelais
[3] Pantagruel

EXPLICIT JOANNES DONES.

IN EUNDEM MACARONICUM.

QUOT, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Disticha fairont,
Tot cuerdos Statesmen, hic livre fara tuus
Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso ; car I leave
L'honra, de personne n'estre creduto, tibi.

EXPLICIT JOANNES DONNE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP on earth we may as easily find,
As he the North-west passage that is blind ;
It's not unlike th' imaginary stone,
That tatter'd chemists long have doted on.
Sophisticate affection's not the best,
The world affords few friends will bide the test ;
They'll make a glorious show a little space,
But tarnish in the rain, like copper lace ;
Or, melted in affliction, in one day
They'll smoke and stink and vapour quite away.
We miss the true materials, choosing friends ;
On virtue we project not, but our ends.
So by desert, while we embrace too many,
We courted are like ——, not loved by any.
Good deeds ill placed, which we on most men heap,
Are seeds of that ingratitude we reap ;
For he that is so sweet, that none denies,
Is made of honey for the nimble flies.
Choose one or two companions for thy life
But be as true, as thou wouldst have thy wife.
Though he lives joyless, that enjoys no friend,
He, that has many, pays for 't in the end.

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

I KNOW as well as you she is not fair,
Nor hath she sparkling eyes, nor curling hair,
Nor can she boast of virtue, or of truth,
Nor anything about her, but her youth.
I know she cannot love, or, if she do,
Alas, 'twill be but for an hour or two;
For she a woman is; I know in vain
I spend my vows and tears, which down do rain
From my unhappy eyes, and to no end
I know I verses write and letters send;
For she hath vow'd my death shall never move her;
Yet for all this I cannot choose but love her.
Yet am I not so blind as some men be,
Who vow and swear they little Cupid see
In their fair mistress' eyes, and say there dwell
Roses about her cheeks that do excell
Rubies and coral, as if love were built
In fading red and white, the body's gilt;
As if they could not love, unless they tell
Where, how, and in what place their loves do dwell.
Vain heretics they are, for I love more
Than ever any did, that told wherefore.
Then do not trouble me, nor ask me why;
'Tis because she is she, and I am I.

[AN IDEAL.]

WHEN I do love, my mistress must be fair,
Yet not extremely so, lest I despair.
When I do love, my mistress must be wise,
Yet not a wit ; I'll not be so precise.
When I do love, my mistress chaste must be,
Not obstinate, for then she's not for me.
When I do love, my mistress must be kind,
Yet not before I her by merit bind.
She whom I love need not for to be rich,
For virtue and not wealth doth me bewitch.
She whom I love may once have loved before,
For, meeting equal, we can love the more.
And, to conclude, my mistress must be young,
And last (that's hardest) not have too much tongue.

FINIS.

D. DUNN.

THE LIE.

SIR, say not that you love, unless you do,
For often lying will dishonour you.

Lady, I love, and therefore love to do,
And will not lie, unless I lie with you.

You say I lie, I say you lie, judge whether ;
If we then both do lie, let's lie together.

FINIS.

D. DONN.

[TRUE LOVE.]

LOVE bred of glances 'twixt amorous eyes,
Like children's fancies, soon bred, soon dies.
Guilt, bitterness and smiling woe
Doth oft deceive poor lovers so,
And the fond sense the unwary soul deceives
With deadly poison wrapt in lily leaves.
But hearts so chain'd, 'tis goodness stands
With truth unstain'd to couple hands.
Love being to all beauty blind,
Save the clear beauties of the mind,
Where reason is pleased, continual blisses shedding,
Angels are guests and dance at his blest wedding.

l. 1. Query, *betwixt* l. 2. Query, *fantcsies*

NOTES TO POEMS HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED.

THERE is no reason to suppose that all the poems written during Donne's long life have been gathered together. One copy at least is recorded in his own letters of which I have found no trace, namely some "French Verses," mentioned in a letter of 1612, to Sir Henry Wotton (Alford, vi. 361). Doubtless others will turn up from time to time out of the multitude of commonplace books extant in public and private collections. Such, however, must not be too readily received as authentic, since the compilers of these commonplace books frequently ascribe their extracts to the wrong author. There are two or three people who might be easily confused with Donne, owing to the similarity of their names to his. One is his son, also a Doctor John Donne, but a D.C.L. not a D.D. On his career see note to vol. i. p. xlix, note. Another is John Done, the author of *Polydoron, or a Miscellany of Moral, Philosophical and Theological Sentences* (1631), *and of an Ancient History of the Septuagint* (1633). He appears to have been a schoolmaster (*Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vi. 47, 95), and also an alchemist, judging from a long letter of his on the science in Bodl. Ashm. MS. 1415, f. 19 (b). I doubt whether he is the person referred to in Sir James Whitelock's *Liber Famelicus* (Camden Soc. p. 16). Whitelocke, recording the death of his wife, on 28th February, 1606, says, "There preached at her funeral Doctor John Done, the parson, that had been my acquaintance when he was of Christ Church, Oxford." Now there is no John Donne of Ch. Ch. in the University

Registers. There is however a John Dove of Ch. Ch. who became a preacher of some distinction (*Registers*, ed. Clerk, ii. 1. 137; 2. 102; 3. 117), and I expect that he is the parson alluded to by Whitelocke. *Done* and *Doue* are practically indistinguishable in MSS.

There is a letter to Walsingham, signed John Done, and written from Dieppe on April 11th, 1586 (*Cal. State Papers, Dom. Eliz. and James I.* Addl. 1580-1625). This can hardly be by John Donne, who was only 13 in 1586.

Of the eleven additional poems which I have printed in this Appendix, it is only the first six that I put much faith in as genuine work of Donne's.

1. From MSS. in the British Museum.

These are all from Addl. MS. 25,707. This is a folio commonplace book of the seventeenth century. It contains poems written in it by three or four hands, the latest of whom has made a list of those collected by his predecessors, and added some of a later date. Besides a number of Donne's, most of them initialled, there are others by Francis Beaumont, Sir John Beaumont, Lord Digby, Sir Henry Goodyere, Sir William Skipwith, Richard Corbet, Henry King, etc. This appears to be the MS. described by Nicholls in the account given of Sir William Skipwith in his Hist. of Leicestershire (iii. 367). It was then in the possession of Lord Harborough. Nichols thinks that it was once a commonplace book of Sir. W. Skipwith, who died 3 May, 1610. The four poems given here are all in one or other of the earlier hands and initialled. There is a fifth, which I have not reprinted. It is no part of an editor's duty to expurgate his author's text, but neither is he called upon to rake up forgotten indecencies from the muck-heap of time. The poem in question is on f. 60 (b) of the MS., and begins—

> "Why should not pilgrims to thy body come,
> And miracles be wrought at thy poor tomb."

There are also, in another part of the book (f. 164), some

Latin verses, signed J. D. *In Obitum Mri Philippi Washinton.* I cannot say whether these are Donne's. They begin—

"Ille ego, qui vivo retuli solamen amico."

p. 284. [To the Blessed Virgin Mary.]

From Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 32 (b). It has there no heading.

p. 285. To my Lord of Pembroke.

From Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 34 (a).

This poem evidently refers to the poetical controversy about love between William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Benjamin Rudyard, contained in their *Poems* (1660). See the note to the lines called *Love and Reason* in Appendix A. Besides the poems contained in this volume, many others are ascribed to Lord Pembroke in various MSS. He was the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, a kinsman of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and possibly the W. H. of Shakespeare's *Sonnets.*

p. 286. Of a Lady in the Black Mask.

From Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 34 (a).

p. 237. A Letter written by Sir H[enry] G[oodyere] and J[ohn] D[onne], alternis vicibus.

From Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 39 (a).

On Sir Henry Goodyere, see the note to Donne's verse letter to him (vol. ii. p. 10). This poem seems to have been written by the friends to their wives on some absence. Donne was at Polesworth in the spring of 1613. (See note to *Good Friday*, vol. i. p. 172.)

The following lines are from Bodl. Mal. MS. 14, f. 28. They are headed—

On the interlinearie poem begot 'twixt S[ir] H. Goo. and Dr. Donne.

"Here two rich ravish'd spirits kiss and twine,
Advanced and wedlock'd in each other's line.
Goodere's rare match with only him was bless'd,
Who has outdonne and quite undonne the rest."

l. 25. *Ancor*, a stream in the Forest of Arden, close to Polesworth.

l. 28. *St. Edith's nuns.* Before the Reformation, there was a Benedictine convent at Polesworth, founded by the Saxon Saint Edith (Dugdale's *Warwickshire*).

II. From *Coryat's Crudities* (1611).

p. 289. To THE AUTHOR.

p. 290. IN EUNDEM MACARONICUM.

These Macaronic verses immediately follow in *Coryat's Crudities* the lines reprinted in the 1650 *Poems* (vol. ii. p. 68). The third set comes at a different place in the book, and the name is differently spelt, but I do not doubt that this also is by Donne. His name is variously spelt Donne, Done, Donn, Dunn, etc.; it is Done in Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond.*

III. From MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

p. 290. ON FRIENDSHIP.

From Ashm. MS. 36, f. 124. The lines are headed, "On ffriendship. Dr. Donne." They are also found unsigned in Brit. Mus. Addl. MS. 10,309, f. 110, in Sloane MS. 1446, f. 88 (b), and in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 303. They are printed in Pembroke and Ruddier's *Poems* (1660), but without any distinguishing initial. J. A. Manning, in his *Memoirs* of Rudyard, claims them as his, but gives no other authority than that of the 1660 volume. The text there given is inferior to the MS. one. They may be Donne's.

The next three poems are from Ashm. MS. 38, which also contains some undoubted work of Donne's.

p. 291. THE CONSTANT LOVER.

The first of three poems grouped together as "Doctor Donn Verses" on Ashm. MS. 38, f. 62. It also occurs unsigned in Sloane MS. 1792, f. 132, and is printed anonymously with the title here given to it, in *Wit Restored* (1658). The second poem of the group is certainly not Donne's. It is Ben Jonson's, "Doing a filthy pleasure is and short," a translation from the *Brevis facere est et foeda voluptas* of Petronius Arbiter. Jonson definitely claims the authorship of this, which is printed among his poems, in the *Conversations with Drummond.*

p. 292. [AN IDEAL.]

This is the third poem of the group above mentioned. So far as internal evidence goes, both this and the first might be Donne's, but the MS. is clearly not very trustworthy.

p. 292. THE LIE.

From Ashm. MS. 38, f. 152, where it is signed D. Donn. I have not found the whole poem elsewhere, except in a very different anonymous version in *Wit's Recreations* (1640), but the last two lines occur separately in at least three other places, and in two they are ascribed to Donne. In Ashm. MS. 47, f. 36, they are headed "Dr. Dunn to a Gentlewoman," and in Sloane MS. 542, f. 12, "Dr. Donn to a Lady that gave him the lie." In a collection of MS. *Epigrams* bound up with the Brit. Mus. copy of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* (1624) and other pamphlets (C. 39. a. 37), they are anonymous. Probably they are by Doctor Donne, but was it the D.D. or the D.C.L.?

p. 293. [TRUE LOVE.]

From Rawl. Poet. MS. 117, f. 222. The MS. also has Elegy xx. This might be Donne's.

I append a list of pieces which, after careful consideration I have decided not to include in this Appendix.

(1) The *Epitaph* on Mrs. Boulstred, which I have already printed in vol. ii. p. 231.

"Stay, view this stone, and if thou be'st not such,
Read here a little that thou may'st know much."

The notion that this may be Donne's is purely a conjecture of my own.

(2) A set of *Commendatory Verses* prefixed to Capt. John Smith's *General History of Virginia* (1625).

"I know not how desert more great can rise,
Than out of danger ta'en for good men's good."

The verses are signed "Io: Done." They are very commonplace, and Donne was not writing secular verse in 1625.

(3) An *Elegy* on Prince Henry—

"Keep station, Nature, and rest, Heaven, sure."

This is signed J. D. in *Le Prince d'Amour* (1660). But this is of little authority, and the Elegy is in Henry King's *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets* (1657).

(4) Lines headed *Dr. Don's Elegy on the Death of King James.*

"Who now shall grudge to die, or not desire
To weep himself away, quench his own fire."

This is found in Addl. MS. 19,268, f. 30. It might conceivably be Donne's, by no means at his best; but I can hardly believe that so important a literary production, as an Elegy on the King by Dr. Donne, Dean of S. Paul's, would have been, could have reached us only through the medium of one obscure commonplace book.

(5) Lines headed "*J. D. to his Paper.*"

"Fly, paper, kiss those hands,
Whence I am barr'd of late."

This is found, so headed, in Addl. MS. 30,982, f. 13, and in Sloane MS. 1792, f. 45. In Addl. MS. 13,998, f. 68, it is signed Jo. Dun. It is printed without any sign

of authorship in *Wit Restored* (1658). It is a mere trifle, and I do not for a moment suppose it is the elder Donne's.

(6) Lines headed "*Dr. Don on the Eucharist*"—

"Priests make Christ body and soul; you need not doubt."

This bit of profanity from Addl. MS. 15,226, f. 25, is probably by the younger Donne.

(7) Lines headed, "*Jo Felton's epitaph made by Dr. Donn.*"

"Here uninterr'd suspends (though not to save
Surviving friends th' expenses of a grave."

This is found, with the above heading, in Ashm. MS. 38, f. 20. It is anonymous in half-a-dozen Brit. Mus. and other MSS., and in Addl. MS. 15,226, f. 28, is accompanied by a poem *Super eundem et contra* by H. Ch[olmeley] which begins—

"Here uninterr'd suspends, doubtless to save
Hopeful and friendless, th' expenses of a grave."

This is a fine poem, but I do not see how it can be Donne's. Buckingham was killed by Felton on Aug. 23, 1628. The Dean was not likely, at that date, to write in a pronounced anti-court vein. The verses were printed from Sloane MS. 826, f. 177, by F. W. Fairholt in *Poems and Songs . . . relating to . . . the Duke of Buckingham* (Percy Society Publications, vol. xxix.).

(8) Lines beginning—

"Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree."

These are ascribed to Donne in Rawl. D. MS. 859, f. 158. At the end is written the message which Donne sent to his wife when he lost his secretaryship in 1601. It was "John Donne, Anne Donne, Undonne." I have not a complete copy of the poem before me, but its opening lines are identical with those of a verse which

appears both in Wastall's *Microbiblon* (1620), and in Quarles' *Argalus and Parthenia.* See H. King's *Poems*, ed. Hannah (p. cxviii).

(9) A Verse Letter to Lord Craven.

"My lord, now you're at Rome and there behold
Things which are wonders when in England told."

This was communicated to *Notes and Queries* (Fifth Series, v. 243) by A. R. B., who adds the following note, which is endorsed on the MS.: "This curious poem, never before printed, was written by the famous Doctor Donne, in the year 1630, and sent to Rome to William, Lord Craven, who served with so much credit under Gustavus Adolphus. It was entrusted to me with the curious State papers of the said Lord Craven, by Fulwar, Lord Craven, in the year 1762.

W. Harte."

The MS. reached A. R. B. through an uncle, the Rev. Thomas Lawrence, formerly chaplain to Lord Craven. The letter is 114 lines long, and contains a sketch of the sights and associations of Rome. I have not printed it because, in 1630, Donne was an infirm divine, and had long done with secular poetry. Very likely it is by his son, who dedicated the 1650 *Poems* to this same Lord Craven.

APPENDIX C.

SPURIOUS POEMS.

I ADD a list of poems which have at various times been attributed to Donne, but which are so clearly not his that it does not seem worth while to print them in full.

1. From the edition of 1633.

(1) An Epitaph upon Shakespeare, beginning—

"Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Beaumont."

This was withdrawn from the 1635 edition, and appeared in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, with the initials W. B. It is also printed in Francis Beaumont's *Poems* (ed. 1653). It is now universally ascribed to William Basse. See Mr. Warwick Bond's edition of Basse's *Poetical Works*, and Dr. Ingleby and Miss Toulmin Smith's *Shakespeare's Century of Praise* (New Shaks. Soc. 1879).

(2) A translation of the 137th *Psalm*—

"By Euphrates flow'ry side
We did bide."

This is in all the seventeenth-century editions; it, is, however, ascribed to Francis Davison in Harl. MSS. 3357 and 6930, and in Rawl. Poet. MS. 61, f. 60, and has been printed as his in Sir H. Nicholas' and Sir E. Brydges' editions of the *Poetical Rhapsody*, and in the collection of *Translations from the Psalms* by Francis and Christopher Davison. In Addl. MS. 25,707, f. 16, it occurs amongst other poems of Donne's, and with the signature J. D., but it should be observed that this signature is quite indistinguishable from F. D. There is an inconclusive discussion on this question in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vi. 49, 137, 157, 247.

I have very little doubt as to Davison's claim. The translation is unsigned in Addl. MS. 27,407, f. 65, but it is there accompanied by a letter from the author in which he speaks of other Psalms which he had translated. This applies to Davison, but not, so far as we know, to Donne.

II. From the edition of 1635.

(3) A *Song*, added at the end of the *Songs and Sonnets*—

"Dear love, continue nice and chaste."

This is transcribed by William Drummond (Hawthornden MS. 15), and signed J[ohn] R[oe]. It also occurs with the same initials in Lansd. MS. 740, f. 99, and in T. C. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, f. 257.

(4) A Letter, *To Ben Jonson*, 6 *Jan.* 1603—

"The State and men's affairs are the best plays
Next yours."

On this there is the following extract in *Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond* (ed. Laing, Shakespeare Society, 1842), which sufficiently fixes the authorship: "That Sir John Roe loved him, and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrote a moral Epistle to him, which began, *That next to plays, the Court and the State were the best. God threatneth Kings, Kings Lords, Lords do us.*" Line 12, as printed in Donne's poems runs, "God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us."

The poem is anonymous in Lansd. MS. 740, f. 102, but is ascribed to "Sir J. R" in Harl. MS. 4064, f. 247.

(5) A Quatrain, *On the Sacrament*—

> "He was the Word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it;
> And what that Word did make it,
> I do believe and take it."

This is ascribed by several seventeenth-century writers to Queen Elizabeth, *e.g.* by Fuller in his *Holy State* (1648), iv. 302, and by Donne's friend, Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle* (1643), iv. 320. It is said to be an impromptu reply made when she was questioned by her sister's confessor Feckenham as to her belief in transubstantiation. See a long discussion in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, v. 438, 460; 3rd Series, x. 519; xi. 66, 140, 225, 315; xii. 76; 5th Series, iii. 382, 433, 472, 494; iv. 18; v. 313; vii. 111.

(6) A Sonnet *On the Blessed Virgin Mary*—

> "In that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
> From that which others doth of grace bereave."

This is found in Harl. MS. 7553, f. 41, amongst a series of *Spiritual Sonnets* by H. C., which was printed as Henry Constable's by Mr. T. Park in *Heliconia* (1815); on the authorship see D. Main, *Treasury of English Sonnets*.

III. From F. G. Waldron's *A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry* (1802).

(7) An Elegy, entitled by Dr. Grosart, *A Lament for his Wife*—

> "Is Death so great a gamester, that he throws
> Still at the fairest? must I ever lose?"

Waldron ascribes this to Donne on the authority of a MS. dated 1625. It is really by William Browne, being included in his autograph MS. of his own poems in Lansd. MS. 777, f. 49. (See Mr. Gordon Goodwin's edition of Browne in the *Muses' Library*). It also

appears with the initials W. B. in the anthology *Le Prince d'Amour* (1660).

IV. From Sir J. Simeon's *Unpublished Poems of Donne* (Philobiblon Society's Publications, 1856).

(8) A Love Poem, *The Challenge*—

"Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
Nor all thy rosy ornaments in thee."

This is really by Campion, and is included in Mr. A. H. Bullen's edition of his poems, from the *First Book of Ayres* (1601). It is also printed in error among J. Sylvester's *Posthumi.*

(9) Lines headed *A Wife*—

"Such as I have to my own heart propounded."

This is found in the Farmer-Chetham MS. (ed. Grosart), with the signature Th. Scotte. Hunter (*Chorus Vat. Anglic.*) states that Thomas Scott of Utrecht published a poem called *The Interpreter* in 1622. I cannot, however, find any poetry among his numerous writings or controversial theology, either in the British Museum or the Bodleian, although there is a long verse elegy on him in Addl. MS. 33,998, f. 90.

V. From Dr. A. B. Grosart's *Poems of John Donne* (Fuller Worthies Library, 1873).

(10) *Ten Sonnets to Philomel.*

"Oft did I hear, our eyes the passage were
By which Love entered to avail our hearts."

These Sonnets, together with a poem entitled *A Hymn in Praise of Music*, and beginning—

"Praise, pleasure, profit, is that threefold band—"

were signed I. D. in the second edition (1608) of Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*. In the first edition (1602) they have the

signature Melophilus. It is generally admitted that, like the other I. D. poems in the same anthology, they are not by John Donne, but by Sir John Davies. Cf. Mr. A. H. Bullen's edition of the *Poetical Rhapsody* and a letter in the *Athenæum* for Jan. 29th, 1876.

(11) Lines entitled *Sleep*—

"Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes."

This was printed by Dr. Grosart from Trin. Coll. Camb. MS. B. 14, 22, where it is signed "Dr. Donn." It is really by Fletcher, being a song in Act V. scene i. of *Valentinian*. It is one of many imitations of Daniel's famous *Sonnet LIV.* to Delia. Cf. Main, *Treasury of English Sonnets*.

(12) Four stanzas headed *My Heart*—

"Thou sent'st to me a heart was sound,
I took it to be thine;
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew that heart was mine."

This was printed by Dr. Grosart from the Stephens MS. It is a bad copy of a poem which is ascribed in several MSS. to Sir Robert Aytoun.

The version given in Aytoun's Poems (ed. Rogers, 1871) is taken from Addl. MS. 10,308, f. 6, where it is in company with others of his poems. It is nine stanzas long, begins—

"Thou sent'st to me a heart was crown'd,"

and has the title "Upon a diamond cut in the form of a Heart, set with a Crown above, and a bloody dart piercing it, sent to the Poet as a New Year's Gift." A very similar version is found also among other poems of Aytoun's in Addl. MS. 28,622, f. 37. This is headed, "Upon a ring Queen Anne sent to Sir Robert Aytoun, a Diamond in form of a heart." Anonymous versions are found in Addl. MS. 15,227, f. 82, Addl. MS. 22,603, f. 49, and Rawl. Poet. MSS. 117, f. 188; 160, f. 107. Another with the title *Epigram to his Mistress* is printed in *Wit's Recreations*, 1640. It is anonymous.

(13) An Elegy entitled *A Love-Monster*—

> "Behold a wonder such as hath not been
> From Pyrrhus age unto the present seen."

This is numbered Elegia Vicesima Prima in the Stephens MS. It is unsigned in Rawl. Poet. MS. 160, f. 170. It is so offensive and devoid of humour that it is hardly fair to saddle Donne with it on the authority of a single bad MS.

I may add that Mr. F. G. Fleay in his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama* (vol. i. pp. 326, 328), following a hint of Gifford's, asserts that Nos. 37, 38, 57, 59, 60 in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods* (ed. Cunningham), as well as No. 58 (*i. e.* Elegy xvi.), are by Donne. This statement appears to be perfectly wanton and gratuitous.

Since passing the text for press, I have come to the conclusion that the poem *Break of Day* (vol. i. p. 22) is not Donne's. It is in John Dowland's *A Pilgrim's Solace* (1612), and was probably added to the 1669 Poems from some copy initialled J. D.

APPENDIX D.

THE "SHEAF OF EPIGRAMS" of 1652.

AMONGST the posthumous editions of Donne's various writings edited by his son occurs the following—

> "Paradoxes, Problems, Essays, Characters, written by Dr. Donne, Dean of Pauls; to which is added a Book of Epigrams, written in Latin by the same author; translated into English by J. Maine, D.D.; and also Ignatius his Conclave, a Satyr, translated out of the original copy, written in Latin by the same author; found lately amongst his own papers. . . . London. Printed by T. N. for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1652."

Most of the matter contained in this volume is merely reprinted from the *Juvenilia* of 1633. The English version of the *Ignatii Conclave* appeared as early as 1611, but the *Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams*, as they are headed in a sub-title, is new. There is a dedication to Francis, Lord Newport, signed by the younger Donne, from which I take the following extract: "My Lord, I humbly here present unto your Honour things of the least and greatest weight that ever fell from my father's pen. . . . They are the essays of two ages, where you may see the quickness of the first and the firmness of the latter." This is followed by Ben Jonson's well-known lines to Donne upon his own Epigrams.

It will be observed that the Epigrams are only given as translated by Jasper Mayne from Donne's Latin. In only one instance is the original text printed. They would in no case, therefore, have found a place in this edition. But they are also excluded by the fact that they are in all probability spurious. It will be well to state briefly the evidence on this point. On internal grounds it is clear that the writer of the Epigrams was or had been serving in the Netherlands. There are frequent allusions to a successful siege of Bois-le-duc and to a Prince of Orange. Starting from this, Dr. Augustus Jessopp suggested in his edition of Donne's Essays (1855) that they were probably written in 1587. In that year Sluys was besieged by the Catholic forces, and on July 13th, Prince Maurice of Nassau, younger son of the famous Prince of Orange, made a diversion by an attack on Bois-le-duc. It is true that Walton does not mention any foreign journey of Donne's until that with Essex in 1596, but on the other hand the poet is represented in Marshall's 1591 portrait with his hand upon the hilt of a sword, and therefore he may, rather than must, have been at some time a soldier. Dr. Grosart, in his edition of the *Poems*, argued at great length against the genuineness of the Epigrams, and the controversy was continued in the *Athenæum* for July 17th, August 2nd, 9th, and 16th, 1873. In the end Dr. Jessopp admitted that they must be unauthentic. Dr. Grosart refers them to the siege of Bois-le-duc by Frederick William, Prince of Orange, in 1628, for the following reasons—

(1) The affair at Bois-le-duc in 1587 was not a siege, and the sieges by Prince Maurice in 1600 and 1603 were not successful.

(2) The title of Prince of Orange did not belong to Prince Maurice until the death of his brother, Prince Philip William, in 1618.

(3) In one of the Epigrams called *A Panegyrick upon the Hollanders being Lords of the Sea, occasioned by the Author being in their Army at Duke's Wood*, occur the lines—

"those lands of gold
Which the proud tyrant doth in bondage hold;
Whose wealth, transported from the plunder'd mine,
His plate-fleet calls his, but the sea makes thine.

Each Dutchman is Columbus; worlds unknown
To the discovering Spaniard are his grown:
Nor can I here conceal nor yet say well,
Whether Heynskirch's praise, or Oliver's excel,
Or Heyn's more bold adventure; whose bright ore
Press'd the seas back with wealth snatch'd from the shore."

Two of the Dutch seamen mentioned in these lines, Heynskirch or Heemskirk and Oliver van Noort, were known as early as 1596 and 1598 respectively. Heyn, however, did not become conspicuous until 1626, and it is pretty clear that the allusion in the Epigram is to his capture of the Spanish plate-fleet in 1628.

It goes without saying that Donne did not write these Epigrams, many of which are not particularly refined, in 1628; and if, therefore, some of them are clearly of that date, the whole must be rejected as unauthentic. As to how they came to be published as his, or who did really write them, perhaps we have hardly sufficient grounds to speculate. The younger Donne does not appear to have been a person worthy of much credit. Perhaps he wrote them himself; or perhaps they never existed except in Jasper Mayne's English; or perhaps they were by the John Done on whom something was said in the second section of this Appendix. I have, however, before leaving this subject, to call attention to a fact which neither Dr. Grosart nor Dr. Jessopp seems to have observed, and which proves, certainly not that these Epigrams are Donne's, but that he did write a set of Latin Epigrams. It is a passage in a Latin letter to Sir Henry Goodyere printed in the 1633 *Poems* (Alford, vi. p. 440). The date of the letter appears to be fixed to 1611 by the following allusion to Donne's projected journey abroad with the Drurys—

"Elucescit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis, (paulo quam optarem fortassis magis inhonora) occasio extera visendi regna, liberosque perquam amantissimae conjugis charissima pignora, ceteraque huius aurae oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi."

This is the bit in which the reference to the Epigrams occurs—

"Interim seponas oro chartulas meas quas cum sponsi-

one citae redhibitionis (ut barbare, sed cum ingeniossimo Apollinari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, Si epigrammata mea Latina, et Catalogus librorum satyricus non sunt, non sunt; extremum judicium, hoc est, manum ultimum, jam jam subiturae sunt. Eorum nonnullae purgatorium suum passurae, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inscio in mundum erepserunt exempla tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fatebuntur se a me ad Inferos damnata esse. Reliquae quae aut virgines sunt (nisi quod a multis contrectatae) aut ita infeliciter steriles ut ab illis nulla ingenita sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent et dilabentur."

The "Catalogus librorum satyricus" was printed in the Appendix to the *Poems* of 1650. It is not, however, accompanied by any Latin epigrams.

APPENDIX E.

IGNATIUS HIS CONCLAVE.

In or about 1611 Donne published, both in English and Latin, a prose satire on the Jesuits, and especially on their founder, Ignatius Loyola. The Latin *Ignatii Conclave* is undated, but it seems from internal evidence to have closely followed the *Pseudo Martyr* of 1610. The English *Ignatius his Conclave* is dated 1611. In this the scraps of Latin verse which appear in the other version are translated, and I therefore give the renderings here, with their originals.

(1) "Aversa facie Janum referre,"

Resemble Janus with a diverse face (p. 1).

(2) "Animula, vagula, blandula,
Comes hospesque corporis."

My little wandering sportful soul,
Guest and companion of my body (p. 2).

(3) "Operoso tramite scandens
Aethereum montem, tangens vicinia solis,
Hymnos ad Phoebi plectrum modulatur alauda;
Compressis velis, tandem ut remearet, alarum;
Tam subito recidit, ut saxum segnius iisset."

The lark by busy and laborious ways
Having climbed up th' eternal hill doth raise
His hymns to Phoebus' harp, and striking then
His sails, his wings, doth fall down back again,
So suddenly that one may safely say,
A stone came lazily, that came that way (p. 3).

(4) "tanto fragore boatuque,
Ut nec sulphureus pulvis, quo tota Britanna
Insula per nimbos Lunam volitasset ad imam,
Si cum substratus Camerae conceperat ignem,
Aequando fremeret nostro fragore boatuque."

With so great noise and horror,
That had that powder taken fire, by which
All the isle of Britain had flown to the moon,
It had not equalled this noise and horror (p. 40).

(5) "Parsque minor tantum tota valet integra tantum."
That the least piece which thence doth fall,
Will do one as much good as all (p. 46).

(6) [Videram] "Aut plumam aut paleam quae fluminis innatat ori,
Cum ventum ad pontem fuerit, qua fornice transit
Angusto flumen, rejici tumideque repelli ;
Duxerat at postquam choreas atque orbibus unda
Luserat, a liquidis laqueis et faucibus hausta
Fluminis in gremium tandem cedit, reditumque
Desperat spectator scenae."

[I had . . observed] Feathers or straws swim on the water's face,
Brought to the bridge, where through a narrrow place
The water passes, thrown back and delayed :
And having danced a while and nimbly played

Upon the watery circles, then have been
By the stream's liquid snares and jaws sucked in
And sunk into the womb of that swollen bourne,
Leave the beholder desperate of return (p. 91).

(7) "Qualis hesterno madefacta rore,
Et novo tandem tepefacta sole,
Excutit somnum, tremulam coronam
Erigit herba,
Quae prius languens, recidens, recurva,
Osculum terrae dederat, iubarque
Denegatum tam diu nunc refulgens
Solis anhelat."

As a flower wet with last night's dew, and then
Warm'd with the new sun, doth shake off again
All drowsiness, and raise his trembling crown
Which crookedly did languish and stoop down
To kiss the earth and panted now to find
These beams return'd, which had not long time shined (p. 142).

I have been unable to identify any of the Latin passages, except the second, which is of course the first of the well-known lines attributed to the Emperor Hadrian. Possibly the rest, which do not always scan, are of Donne's own writing.

APPENDIX F.

DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS.

SINCE Appendix B was written, Dr. Grosart has kindly called my attention to another poem, to which Donne seems to have some claim. It is the English version of the Latin lines prefixed to his *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*. This book was written after his illness in 1623, and first published in 1624. The English version is written on two blank leaves before the title-page of a copy of the third edition of the *Devotions* (1627), in Dr. Grosart's possession, and Dr. Grosart is convinced that they are in Donne's handwriting. I append both the Latin and the English versions.

STATIONES SINE PERIODI IN MORBO, AD QUAS REFERUNTUR MEDITATIONES SEQUENTES.

1. Insultus morbi primus ;
2. Post, actio laesa ;
3. Decubitus sequitur tandem ;
4. Medicusque vocatur ;
5. Solus adest ; 6. Metuit ;
7. Socios sibi iungitur instat ;

8. Et rex ipse suum mittit ;
9. Medicamina scribunt ;
10. Lente et serpenti satagunt
occurrere morbo,
11. Nobilibusque trahunt,
a cincto corde, venenum.
Succis, et gemmis, et quæ
generosa ministrant
Ars, et Natura, instillant ;
12. Spirante columba
Supposita pedibus, reuocantur
ad ima vapores ;
13. Atque malum genium,
numeroso stigmate, fassus,
Pellitur ad pectus, morbique
suburbia, morbus :
14. Idque notant criticis
medici euenisse diebus.
15. Interea insomnes noctes
ego duco diesque ;
16. Et properare meum clamant
e turre propinqua
Obstreperae campanae, aliorum
in funere, funus.
17. Nunc lento sonitu dicunt,
Morieris. 18. At inde,
Mortuus es, sonitu celeri,
pulsuque agitato.
19. Oceano tandem emenso,
aspicienda resurgit
Terra ; vident iustis medici,
iam cocta mederi
Se posse iudiciis, 20. Id agunt
21. Atque annuit Ille,

Qui per eos clamat, Linquas
iam Lazare lectum ;
22. Sit morbi fomes tibi
cura ; 23. Metusque relabi.

THE STATIONS OR PERIODS IN THE DISEASE TO WHICH ARE REFERRED THE MEDITATIONS FOLLOWING.

1. Sickness' first grudge : 2. Senses
and action fail :
3. We take our bed : 4. And the
physician call :
5. He comes alone : 6. Fears :
7. Craves more may unite :
8. The king himself sends his :
9. They medicines write :
10. They strive my grief as
slowly to oppose,
As, slowly and insensibly,
it grows.
11. Still'd juices, and consorted
pearls ; what Art,
Or Nature can, are used,
to keep the heart
From quick infection : 12.
By a dying dove
The vapours downward to
the feet remove—
13. Th' ingenuous sickness on
my spotted breast
His kind and his malignity
confess'd ;

14. This too, the set days
Critical discover;
15. Meanwhile I sleepless
nights and days pass over;
16. And, from the adjoining tower,
the noise of bells
For others' funerals
Mine own foretells:
17. Soft gentle tolling, now, says
Thou must die;
18. Thou'rt dead, proclaims
the ringing out, by and bye.
19. At length the earth out of the
sea doth rise,
And the physicians, from
just grounds, surmise
They may with drugs fight
the weak enemy;
20. They purge. 21. He prospers
who by them doth cry,
Now Lazarus, leave thy bed:
22. Wisely take care.
Of thy disease's fuel;
23. Relapse fear.

LIST OF FIRST LINES.

[*I have included in this list, besides the first lines of the poems in the text, those of others which are printed or discussed in the notes and appendices. These latter, many of which are not Donne's, are distinguished by italics.*]

Absence, hear thou my protestation ii. 249
Adopted in God's family and so i. 215
After those reverend papers, whose soul is ii. 41
All hail, sweet poet, more full of more strong fire ii. 32
All kings, and all their favourites i. 24
Although the Cross could not Christ here detain i. 251
Although thy hand and faith, and good works too i. 106
An ill year of a Goodyere us bereft ii. 217
As due by many titles I resign i. 157
As the sweet sweat of roses in a still i. 114
As virtuous men pass mildly away i. 51
At once from hence my lines and I depart ii. 35
At the round earth's imagined corners blow i. 160
Away, thou changeling motley humourist ii. 175

Base Love, the stain of youth, the scorn of age ii. 265
Batter my heart, three-person'd God ; for you i. 165
Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe i. 59
Behold a wonder such as hath not been ii. 307
Believe your glass, and if it tell you, dear ii. 257
Beware, fair maid, of musky courtier's oaths ii. 256
Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears i. 29
Blest are your north parts, for all this long time ii. 40
Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground ii. 210
Busy old fool, unruly sun i. 7

By children's births, and death, I am become ii. 210
By Euphrates flow'ry side ii. 302
By our first strange and fatal interview i. 139

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes ii. 306
Come, Fates; I fear you not! All whom I owe i. 125
Come live with me, and be my love i. 47
Come, madam, come, all rest my powers defy i. 148
Compassion in the world again is bred ii. 212

Dear love, continue nice and chaste ii. 303
Dear love, for nothing less than thee i. 38
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee i. 162
Death, be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow ii. 92
Death I recant, and say, " Unsaid by me ii. 89

Eternal God— for whom who ever dare i. 188

Fair, great, and good, since seeing you we see ii. 57
Fair soul, which wast, not only as all souls be ii. 77
Farewell, you gilded follies, pleasing troubles! ii. 273
Father of Heaven, and Him, by whom i. 174
Father, part of his double interest i. 166
Fie, fie, you sons of Pallas, what mad rage ii. 285
Fly, paper, kiss those hands ii. 299
Fond woman, which wouldst have thy husband die i. 102
For every hour that thou wilt spare me now i. 10
For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love i. 12
For my first twenty years, since yesterday i. 74
Friendship on earth we may as easily find ii. 290

Go and catch a falling star i. 4
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine i. 216
Good we must love, and must hate ill i. 33
Great and good if she deride me ii. 271

Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is i. 83
Hark, news, O envy; thou shalt hear descried i. 132
Haste thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure ii. 33
He is stark mad, who ever says i. 50

He that cannot choose but love i. 81
He was the Word that spake it ii. 304
Her of your name, whose fair inheritance i. 156
Here's no more news than virtue ; I may as well ii. 14
Here take my picture ; though I bid farewell i. 110
Here two rich ravish'd spirits kiss and twine ii. 297
Here uninterr'd suspends, doubtless to save ii. 300
Here uninterr'd suspends (*though not to save* ii. 300
Here, where by all all saints invokèd are ii. 54
Honour is so sublime perfection ii. 45
How sits this city, late most populous i. 194

I am a little world made cunningly i. 159
I am two fools, I know i. 14
I am unable, yonder beggar cries ii. 211
I can love both fair and brown i. 9
I fix mine eye on thine, and there i. 47
I have done one braver thing i. 6
I have learned by those laws [Prose letter] ii. 76
I know as well as you she is not fair ii. 291
I know not how desert more great can rise ii. 299
I long to talk with some old lover's ghost i. 56
I must confess a priest of Phœbus late ii. 236
I never stoop'd so low, as they i. 71
I presume you rather try what you can do in me [Prose Letter] ii. 97
I scarce believe my love to be so pure i. 34
I sing no harm, good sooth, to any wight i. 133
I sing the progress of a deathless soul ii. 148
I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I i. 3
If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be ii. 38
If faithful souls be alike glorified i. 161
If great men wrong me, I will spare myself ii. 64
If her disdain least change in you can move i. 79
If in his study he hath so much care ii. 211
If poisonous minerals, and if that tree i. 162
If shadows be the picture's excellence ii. 267
If yet I have not all thy love, i. 15
Ille ego, qui vivo retuli solamen amico ii. 296
I'll tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do i. 30
Image of her whom I love, more than she i. 119
Insultus morbi primus ; Post, actio laesa ii. 315

In that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free ii. 304
In what torn ship so ever I embark i. 193
Is Death so great a gamester, that he throws ii. 304
Is not thy sacred hunger of science ii. 37
Is there no day, madam, for you? is all ii. 254

Keep station, Nature, and rest, Heaven, sure ii. 299
Kind pity chokes my spleen; brave scorn forbids ii. 185
Klockius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come ii. 212

Language, thou art too narrow and too weak ii. 93
Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this i. 172
Let me pour forth i. 39
Like Esop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury ii. 212
Like one who in her third widowhood doth profess ii. 12
Like to the damask rose you see ii. 300
Little think'st thou, poor flower i. 63
Lo here's a man, worthy indeed to travel ii. 289
Look to me, faith, and look to my faith, God ii. 72
Love, any devil else but you i. 35
Love, bred of glances 'twixt amorous eyes ii. 293

Mad paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn ii. 43
Madam, that flea which crept between your breasts ii. 252
Man is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be ii. 20
Man is the world, and death the ocean ii. 86
Man to God's image, Eve to man's was made ii. 29
Mark but this flea, and mark in this i. 1
Marry, and love thy Flavia, for she i. 103
Men write that love and reason disagree ii. 203
My fortune and my choice this custom break ii. 100
My Lord, now you're at Rome and there behold ii. 301
My name engraved herein i. 25

Nature's lay idiot, I taught thee to love i. 113
No lover saith, I love, nor any other i. 74
No praise it is that him who Python slew ii. 278
No spring, nor summer beauty hath such grace i. 117
Nothing could make me sooner to confess ii. 127
Not kiss! by Jove I will, and make impression ii. 261
Not that in colour it was like thy hair i. 120
Now thou hast loved me one whole day i. 5

O ! do not die, for I shall hate i. 20
O fruitful garden, and yet never tilled ii. 284
O, let me not serve so, as those men serve i. 111
O madam, you are of all women true ii. 254
O ! might those sighs and tears return again i. 158
O, my black soul, now thou are summoned i. 158
O thou which to search out the secret parts ii. 36
O, to what height will love of greatness drive ii. 68
Oft did I hear, our eyes the passage were ii. 305
Of that short roll of friends writ in my heart ii. 39
Once, and but once, found in thy company i. 107
One calls me friend, yet urges me to pay ii. 268
Others at the porches and entries of their buildings [Prose] ii. 146
Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage ii. 4
Out of a fired ship, which by no way ii. 210

Painter, while there thou sit'st drawing the sight ii. 253
Parturiunt madido quæ nixu præla recepta ii. 66
Philo with twelve years' study hath been grieved ii. 211
Praise, pleasure, profit, is that threefold band ii. 305
Pregnant again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear ii. 34
Priests make Christ body and soul; you need not doubt ii. 300

Qui prius assuetus serpentum fasce tabellas i. 214
Quod arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta ii. 71
Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique addita i. 250
Quot, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Disticha fairont ii. 290

Reason is our soul's left hand, Faith her right ii. 15
Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh ii. 302

See, Sir, how, as the sun's hot masculine flame i. 151
Send home my long stray'd eyes to me i. 43
Send me some tokens, that my hope may live i. 80
Shall I go force an elegy, abuse ii. 260
Shall Love, that gave Latona's heir the foil ii. 264
She, little, promised much ii. 236
She's dead; and all which die i. 69
Sickness' first grudge: Senses and action fall ii. 317
Since Christ embraced the Cross itself, dare I i. 167

Since every tree begins to blossom now ii. 287
Since I am coming to that Holy room i. 211
Since she must go, and I must mourn, come night, i. 128
Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle souls ii. 7
Sir, say not that you love, unless you do ii. 292
Sir, though—I thank God for it—I do hate ii. 180
Sleep, next society and true friendship ii. 205
Sleep, sleep, old sun, thou canst not have repass'd i. 169
Smug the smith for ale and spice ii. 269
Some man unworthy to be possessor i. 37
Some that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I i. 41
So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss i. 73
Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way ii. 96
Soul's joy, now I am gone i. 75
Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side i. 163
Stand still, and I will read to thee i. 78
Stay, O sweet, and do not rise i. 22
Stay, view this stone, and if thou be'st not such ii. 231
Such as I have to my own heart propounded ii. 305
Sweetest love, I do not go i. 16

Take heed of loving me i. 72
Tamely, frail body, abstain to-day ; to-day i. 170
Tell her, if she to hired servants show ii. 65
That I might make your cabinet my tomb ii. 101
That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime ii. 48
The heavens rejoice in motion ; why should I i. 141
The State and men's affairs are the best plays ii. 303
The Storm described hath set thy name afloat i. xxxv
The sunbeams in the east are spread i. 98
This is my play's last scene ; here heavens appoint i. 160
This twilight of two years, not past, nor next ii. 26
This was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time i. xxxix
Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white ii. 305
Thou art not so black as my heart i. 70
Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay? i. 157
Thou in the field walks't out thy supping hours ii. 269
Thou sent'st to me a heart was sound ii. 306
Thou shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they ii. 199
Thou which art I—'tis nothing to be so ii. 1

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caused thee now i. 191
Though I be dead and buried, yet I have ii. 53
Thy father all from thee, by his last will ii. 211
Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee ii. 211
Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain, ii. 35
Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call ii. 211
Till I have peace with thee, war other men ii. 250
'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest ii. 121
'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's i. 45
'Tis true, 'tis day ; what though it be ? i. 23
To have written then, when you writ, seemed to me ii. 22
To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true i. 136
To what a cumbersome unwieldiness i. 57
True love finds wit, but he whose wit doth move ii. 272
Twice or thrice had I loved thee i. 21
Two, by themselves, each other, love and fear ii. 210
Two souls move here, and mine, a third, must move ii. 125

Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall ii. 210
Unseasonable man, statuc of ice i. 88
Upon this Primrose hill i. 64

Vengeance will sit above our faults ; but till i. 190
Victorious beauty ! though your eyes ii. 255

Well died the world, that we might live to see ii. 102
Well ; I may now receive, and die. My sin ii. 190
What if I come to my mistress' bed ii. 258
What if this present were the world's last night ? i. 164
When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead i. 49
When I am dead, and doctors know not why i. 67
When I do love, my mistress must be fair ii. 292
When last I died, and, dear, I die i. 18
When my dear friend could write no more i. 252
When my grave is broke up again i. 66
When that rich soul which to her heaven is gone ii. 104
Where is that holy fire, which verse is said ii. 61
Where, like a pillow on a bed i. 53
Wherefore peep'st thou, envious day ? ii. 270
Whether that soul which now comes up to you ii. 98
Whilst yet to prove i. 76

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm i. 61
Whoever guesses, thinks, or dreams, he knows i. 42
Whoever loves, if he do not propose i. 144
Who makes the last a pattern for next year ii. 10
Who now shall grudge to die, or not desire ii. 299
Whoso terms love a fire, may like a poet ii. 270
Why are we by all creatures waited on? i. 164
Why chose she black? was it that in whiteness ii. 286
Why dost thou, dear, affect thy viol so ii. 269
Why should not pilgrims to thy body come ii. 295
Why this man gelded Martial I muse ii. 212
Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun i. 213
Wilt thou love God as He thee? then digest i. 165

You have refined me, and to worthiest things— ii. 17
Your mistress, that you follow whores, still taxeth you ii. 211
You that are she, and you that's double she ii. 60

THE END.

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited, London & Bungay.

WITHDRAWN